



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Shallow Water Sailors’ Spring Cruise Roundup”
“The Maine Island Trail Revisited” – “Otter II”

Volume 24 – Number 10

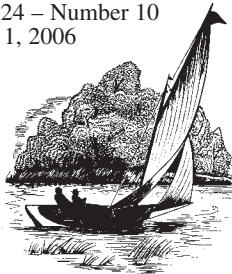
October 1, 2006



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 24 – Number 10
October 1, 2006



Published twice a month, 24 times a year, U.S. subscription price is \$28 for 24 issues. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request.

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1043. Telephone is 978-774-0906. There is no machine.

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production and subscription fulfillment is by Roberta Freeman.

For circulation or production inquiries or problems, contact:

**Roberta Freeman at
officesupport@comcast.net**

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



This issue was put together to go to the printer right after Labor Day. Hopefully you will be reading it on or around October 1, the date on the cover. I say hopefully because this past summer several issues were mailed much later than the scheduled date and as a result we have had ongoing calls from readers wanting to know where their issues are.

It takes the U.S. Mail two to three weeks to deliver your issue by 3rd Class Mail. We accept this long delivery time because the cost of faster mail delivery would mean a steep increase in the subscription price. To compensate for this we send the magazine to the printer a month ahead of its cover date (give or take a day or two according to how weekends and holidays fall into place). This one-month lead time is supposed to allow two weeks for printing and mailing it (the printer does the mailing) and two weeks en route to you in the mail.

If some unexpected development at the printer delays this process your magazine will be late. If we are late sending it off to the printer because of some last minute changes, this also will cause it to be late, for we have to be rescheduled onto their production calendar other than when we were originally scheduled. Knowing this, we seldom have delayed an issue, but it does happen.

What I would like to ask you to do is to not assume that something has happened to your personal copy (or to me!) if it doesn't show up on time. Wait a while, it will turn up. We have heard from readers who got two issues at once despite the fact that one was mailed two weeks prior to the other. The early one sat somewhere in limbo in the postal service until it was delivered. Third Class Mail has no priority at all and a sack of it can sit in the postal service pipeline for days if other higher priority mail is taking up sorting and delivery time.

If over a month goes by with no magazines, then call us and be prepared to tell us which issue you last received so we can check out your status. It doesn't help us to do this if you just tell us that you've not received your magazines "for a while."

We have not missed an issue in 24 years and continue to be amazed that most sub-

scribers receive their issues reasonably regularly. When delivery problems do persist we make good on missed issues, even if the problem is caused by your moving or taking an extended holiday without letting us know. In those instances, the post office does not forward the magazines as they come in, they get tossed and we do not learn of your move for four to six weeks until an address correction comes from your local post office. By then several more issues are on their way to the old address.

Another aspect of our one-month lead time is that the first issue on a new subscription can take three to four weeks to arrive, after that they should come twice a month pretty regularly. This initial delay is caused by the timing of the subscription order. If it arrives just after a mailing, it will be two weeks until the next mailing date (we do not mail individual copies on receipt of subscriptions at \$1.11 each as this cost is not figured into the \$28 subscription price) and two weeks in the mail. We do get callers telling us that they subscribed a "week or two ago" and wanting to know where is their magazine.

Further yet, misunderstandings caused by this lead time involve orders for classified ads. A classified ad will not appear in the next issue received after you sent it in as it has to go through the whole two week production cycle. If you read this on October 1 and send in a classified ad in a day or two it will appear in the November 15 issue as the October 15 issue is already in the mail to you and the November 1 issue has just gone to the printer and, no, we cannot insert it after the magazine has gone to the printer.

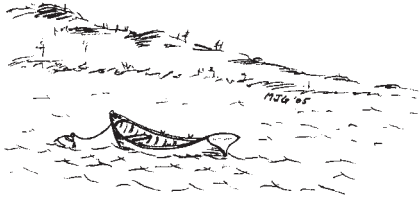
Those of you who have been with us for a while have read this rant before, but from time to time I have to clarify this topic in the hope of cutting down on concerned calls about what is just the normal functioning of this publishing venture due to our small size and limited resources. I ask you to relax and wait a while before becoming concerned. This is not some sort of ripoff for the new subscribers nor has something bad happened to me. Like the boats that we feature, we're just kinda slowgoing in these hyperactive days.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Reviews
- 7 Shallow Water Sailors' Spring Cruise Roundup
- 10 The Maine Island Trail Revisited
- 17 Charles River Source to the Sea (Conclusion)
- 18 Beyond the Horizon
- 20 The Catfish Story
- 22 Praying for Water
- 23 Pintail
- 24 Otter II
- 25 The Six Minute Rule Helps
- 26 An Auray Punt
- 28 Bolger on Design
- 30 Cleaning Up Two-Stroke Outboards
- 32 Trade Directory
- 37 Classified Marketplace
- 39 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

Reinhard Zollitsch was out there again this past spring in his Kruger sea canoe, this time paddling the entire Maine Island Trail after several years to see what it now has to offer. He tells us what he found out in this issue.



By Matthew Goldman

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

A young man came into our shop one day last year. He'd practiced being young for 70 years and had the process refined. "I have a project for you," he said with a chuckle. "Are you game?" When he showed us the boat, we shook our heads in dismay. It can be fixed, we told him, but would cost him more than if we built him a new one. That wasn't a problem, he told us.

The boat was an ancient wooden Peapod 14' in length, a double ended, round chined pulling boat with high, fine ends and hardly any rocker. Carvel planked of cedar over numerous oak frames, she weighed but a hundred pounds. Her keel was rotten but her garboards were good, her stems not bad but unattached, her breast hooks decayed, her planking sprung loose at both ends. Most of her 25 frames were broken, the hull had no shape whatsoever. We bound her together with a length of line and trailered her back to the shop.

"I found her in a field," her owner said. "She needs a bit of work." Some seams gaped so wide you could drop a pencil through them. Not a fat, round carpenter's pencil, just an ordinary, yellow, hexagonal pencil.

"We'll never get her tight enough to float," my boss confided. "We'll cover her hull with glass or laminate."

"No," I insisted. "We won't." First I made a new keel. I bolted the stems to it, then temporarily clamped the strakes to the stems. I fabricated stations of heavy plywood, using for contours those portions of frames still intact. After installing a few such stations, fastening them to the keel, I removed every copper clinch nail securing the planking, grinding off each clinch. I removed the broken frames and surrounded the hull with wide nylon straps with ratcheting load binders. I put wooden spreaders between the inwales to prevent the boat's collapsing and cinched all the webbing, click by click by click. The planking conformed to the stations and drew together. Success!

We then installed new frames, white oak, green from the mill, planed and ripped to 1/2" thick and 7/8" wide, and popped in a steam box 20 to 30 minutes. Left too long they grew brittle. Springing them into place and clamping them before they lost their limberness, a matter of minutes, took two of us.

Then I refastened her, nearly 1,200 screws. I made and installed new butt blocks, new breast hooks, a few feet of outwale, a portion of inwale, four short sections of planking, new brackets for the thwarts, and, voilà, a boat! Resurrected from a meadow, no less. I reaved the old cotton and oakum from her seams.

We put her in a slip to swell for a week. She floated just awash. We stood a sign on her seat, "please don't empty me, I'm swelling." Then we hauled her, let her dry out a couple of days, flipped her over, and I caulked her. Now her widest seams would only pass the lead from that yellow pencil. The caulking came from a tube but proved more than adequate.

Then I spread fairing compound, nearly a gallon, and used dozens of sanding discs. Eventually her hull grew smooth as smooth. Then I applied primer. Then just a bit more fairing compound, there and there and there.

Finally, I painted her topsides white, lavished green anti-fouling paint on her bottom, and screwed a bronze half-oval the length of her keel and all the way up both stems. We flipped her again and I sanded and primed and painted the inside, a lovely creamy yellow. Then I affixed a canvas-covered bumper all the way round her outwale and gave her new bronze oarlocks and sockets. Then she went back in the harbor to swell some more. By the end of the week she bobbed in her slip, begging for someone to row her.

We had a launching party with champagne and cake. And each of us took the old girl for a row. With 7' sculls she skimmed above the tide as a pelican skims, wings just touching the water. The owner was ecstatic, his face one huge smile. "I wasn't so sure you could do it," he exclaimed.

His wife, a lovely lady, plucked at my sleeve. "I hadn't a doubt you could pull it off," she whispered.

The Apprenticeshop

A Unique Center
for Traditional Craftsmanship Since 1972

Contact us
about
2-year
apprenticeships
custom
internships,
or if you are
interested in
having a
boat built.



Atlantic Challenge

CRAFTSMANSHIP • SEAMANSHIP • COMMUNITY
643 Main Street • Rockland, Maine
207-594-1800 • atlanticchallenge.com

Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form 24 Issues – 40 Pages Each Issue

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail Orders

24 Issues – \$28 (Payable by Check)

To: Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943

(6 Issue Trial Subscription \$7 Mail Order Only)

Internet Orders

24 Issues – \$32 (Payable by Credit Card)

To: www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted

You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

Missed Connections

I don't know how we could possibly have missed each other at the BMW Rally in Vermont as there were only 9,000 people there. We camped on the road leading to the back entrance, the Sideboat ought to have stood out! Had a good time paddling and camping on Lake George, should have brought mask and snorkel though. Had an uneventful but dry and beautiful ride home Sunday.

Dock Shuter, Glasco, NY

Editor Comments: I had hoped to get a look at Dock's BMW sidecar outfit with the kayak body, somehow despite its uniqueness I missed it at the Rally the day I was there.



Sage Advice

I thought as long as I was using a stamp to send a gift subscription check to you, I'd go ahead and write you a little note. I wanted to thank you for your publication, which I have subscribed to for a number of years now. *Messing About in Boats* is the only magazine I receive that I read or skim over to cover when it arrives. When I travel, I pull a few back issues out at random and read them again.

We've had some nice weather here in the Pacific Northwest recently (apologies to all of you sweating it out in the Midwest, we did have an especially wet winter this year if that makes you feel better). This week I took a few days off of work to stay at a cabin on Whidbey Island at Penn Cove (home of the famous and delicious Penn Cove mussels) and canoe with a family from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The salt and the 14' tidal range was a bit of an adjustment for them, but she has some fairly harrowing stories of sailing in storms on the Great Lakes as a child.

One afternoon my oldest two children (aged four and six) and I put our Old Town canoe in the water and paddled across the cove to Coupeville, counting jellyfish along the way. We tied up along the shore and climbed up to the street where we happened upon my wife and her friend who had driven around in the car. They were a bit shocked to see us as they had just arrived and had no idea we were planning to paddle into town. We had ice cream cones and then hopped back in to paddle back on the slack tide. On the way back we were followed by a suspicious harbor seal, much to the delight of my son and daughter.

As with many readers, I mourn the passing of Robb White. My wife could always tell when I got to a Robb White story because I started chuckling. Speaking of my wife and chuckling, I was in the Navy for many years when we were first married and so I picked up a lot of nautical phrases (probably a few salty ones, too) and sometimes I hear them echoed back to me, at times with variation. But she couldn't figure out why I laughed so hard when she stepped out during a baby's nap and asked me to "keep a weather ear out for him."

My wife has also figured out that the accumulated weight and cost of my boat-building books and magazines now exceeds the weight and cost of a boat, so I should just build one already. I told her that sounded like sage advice.

Garet G. Nenninger, Seattle, WA

Tweaking Powers of Observation

With the July 15 issue of *Messing About in Boats* we've seen the first issue without a fresh contribution from Robb White. While the content was predictably great, there's certainly some flavor and richness missing. Like a good etouffée without a little dash of Crystal hot sauce. I think we're going to continue to encounter these void reminders of his humor, knowledge, enthusiasm, and joy for quite a while.

But mixed with the sadness of losing a dear friend of small boats, there's a lopsided smile of retroactive appreciation and celebra-

tion of his life and the joys he shared with us. His writing was a reliable reminder of the wonder and delight in both the uncommon and the common things around us. I'm realizing that I became a bit lazy about looking for those things when Robb was around to offer them up in abundance.

I'm trying to tweak my antennae and turn up the gain on my powers of observation and appreciation. You should have seen that big dolphin that chased the mullet into the shallows on the north side of Petit Bois Island yesterday afternoon. His belly was dragging on the bottom and half his back was glistening above the water, but he had fresh fish on his mind and motion and dexterity to spare. Quite a show.

Joy to you of finding something good and sharing it.

Don Abrams, Ocean Springs, MS

Editor Comments: Many, many readers have written expressing condolences to Robb's family, all of which I have sent along to them.

Information of Interest...

Comments on August 1 Contents

In response to Joe Cathey's question in the August 1 issue about a centerboard for his modified Folbot, I'd highly recommend using one of the existing leeboards as a single fixed pivoting leeboard as I did with my \$200 Sailboat. Jim Michalak has done a lot of that and Bolger is considering it in his re-visit to Otter II.

The most frequent question I received from buyers of the \$200 Sailboat plans was about using a centerboard rather than the designed leeboard. I argued strongly in favor of the single leeboard; easier, quicker, lower cost construction, and no intrusion into the wide open cockpit.

Hugh Ware missed a most important event in "The Gray Fleets" in that issue. My WW II Fletcher-class destroyer, *John Rodgers (DD 574)*, was the last of about 175 built still in commission in the Mexican Navy. They decommissioned her in 2002. Ward Brewer of Beauchamp Towers has bought her and will be bringing her to Mobile in September. She will be restored as an operating ship cruising to ports all around the U.S. Read about it here: http://www.the-donovan.com/archives/cat_dd_574_uss_john_rodgersbam_cuitlahuac.html

On the subject of knives, I and all my friends carried jackknives to school as tools of boyhood. We played a game of jackknife in which the loser had to eat the peg, a matchstick driven into the ground by three blows of the winner's knife. In spring we made whistles from new tree branches. They were essential tools that we never would have dreamed of using as weapons.

Smooth Sailing!

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Buyer Beware

I purchased the plans to build the Origami Folding Dinghy which was reviewed in the June 15 issue of *MAIB*. The article, the website, and the plans all state that one sheet of plywood is required to build the boat. However, it's impossible to get the needed pieces from one sheet of 3/4" plywood.

The 48" width ends up 4" short. Another sheet of plywood adds \$55 to the cost of the boat. This did not appeal to me.

After many emails between the designer and me and a number of reasons for what he called my misunderstanding, we finally got to the truth. As it turns out, the designer didn't know the size of a sheet of plywood.

Fortunately for me, I bought the plans through Duckworks and the always honorable Chuck Leinweber gave me a refund, without hesitation. Thanks, Chuck.

Rick Langer, Putnam Valley, NY

How Robb Sounded

Just saw in *MAIB* David Rosen's interest in hearing what Robb White sounded like. His book, *How to Build a Tin Canoe*, is available as an audio book, read by him. My unabridged copy is on CD, published by Blackstone Audiobooks, Inc. (www.blackstoneAudio.com <<http://www.blackstoneAudio.com>>). I bought it at a discount through www.half.com, <<http://www.half.com>>, I believe. You might also try Amazon, eBay, and/or your favorite bookseller. List price is \$45. I think it's also available on cassette.

Paul Lefebvre, Gainesville, FL

A Short Ditty

I came across this short ditty from my mother, known then onboard as "Oakum" due to her red hair, undoubtedly learned on her trip from England to the U.S. on the *Joseph Conrad* as a cadet in 1935. This is certainly current advice for all who venture afloat.

Green to green, or red to red
Perfect safety, go ahead
But if on starboard red appear
It is your duty to keep clear
To do whatever you think proper
Back or starboard
Port or stop 'er
Bob Torgersen, Nanuet, NY

Opinions...

Cupped Planks and Tunnel Hulls

Robb White mentioned one key to the strength of his boats was the use of cupped planks not having to be beveled.

At our local Delaware Agricultural Museum in Dover a water-powered reciprocating saw cuts flat planks. Suppose the saw blade were to be clamped into a cup shape and reciprocated around the center of the cup radius, it should be able to saw cupped planks without the waste of adzing, planing, routing, or gouging. It seems to me that cupped planks would allow hollowed lines that might lead to faster hulls. In the spirit of Robb ever seeing improved ways, I suggest this. As he pointed out, wood of good quality is worth sawing for.

Another improvement I suggest is for a tunnel hull that contains a centerboard or drop keel within it to sail in shallow water, emulating Robb's success with his motorized Rescue Minor. I think it, or a daggerboard, would be more efficient than outside leeboards and might help a canoe-shaped hull to point higher.

Jim Hodges, Wilmington, DE

This Magazine...

Haven't Changed Much

I read all the rest and you're still the best. For the past 20-plus years you haven't changed much. Wish I could say the same!

Wayne Donelson, Ashburnham, MA

A GIFT IDEA FOR THE YOUNG BOAT ENTHUSIAST

A BOAT FOR RORY



AN ISLAND BOY AND HIS
FIRST BOAT, A 26 PAGE
ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S
BOOK

\$8.95

W.F. McCULLOM
553 MAIN STREET
BOXFORD, MA 01921

See Review in October 1 Issue!

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS

P.O. Box 631 • Kennebunkport, ME 04046 • 207/967-4298
43° 20.9'N - 70° 28.7'W

Are You Moving?

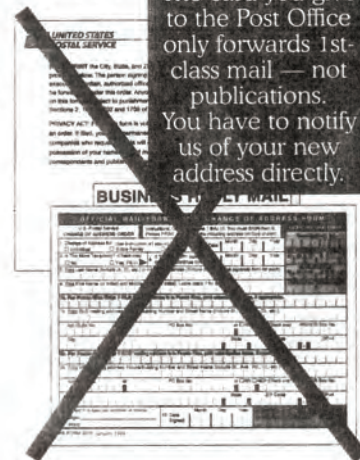
You may have told the Post Office,
but you didn't tell us.

To avoid missed issues (\$2
each if ordered separately)
please notify us at least six
weeks in advance.

Mail notification to:
Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St.
Wenham, MA 01984-1943

Or Telephone (978) 774-0906
7-10am or 5-9pm
(No Machine)

The card you give
to the Post Office
only forwards 1st-
class mail — not
publications.
You have to notify
us of your new
address directly.



ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Our 15th Season is Here!

Would you like to
read more, lots more,
about sea kayaking?

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
will bring you 40 pages
monthly all about sea
kayaking, 10 times a year
(March through December)

All this
for only \$22
(10 issues)

Like to see a sample
issue? Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$22 payable
to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
P.O. Box 520,
Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112
(Phone & Fax)



Book Reviews

A Doryman's Reflection

(*A Fisherman's Life*)

By Paul Molyneaux
ISBN 1-56025-669-9
Thunder's Mouth Press (2005)
245 W. 17th St., New York, NY 10011

Reviewed by Greg Grundtisch

I have always been interested in the Banks schooner and the men who fished from its dories. That is what I incorrectly thought this book was about when I bought it. It briefly makes reference to that, but it is not about dories and the days of the great salt bank dory schooners.

I was pleasantly surprised to learn that it is a chronicle of Paul Molyneaux's life as an apprentice to an independent commercial fisherman and how he became one. There are facts and insights that he also presents that expose objectively the declines in various fisheries, their causes and effects, economically and politically.

The book starts out describing childhood fishing and going to coastal New Jersey in the summer and wishing at an early age to become a fisherman on one of the draggers that he would see going in and out of the harbor. His new career begins after graduating high school in Pennsylvania, telling his parents he wanted to become a fisherman and going to Cape May, New Jersey, to begin his new life as such, or so he thought.

He started out in the early '80s at a fish plant, lumping fish off boats (a lumper is one who removes cargo by hand). He did that, and various jobs at the fish plant, while searching for a berth on a commercial fishing boat of any sort. He just wanted to get on a boat and learn fishing. He had no background in it. Thus, it was difficult to get hired on.

He eventually got hired on a boat, the owner desperate for help. This began his career as a fisherman. He describes the various fisheries he worked from Cape May to the California coast, to Alaska back to New England, up to Passamoquoddy Bay in Canada, and then in Maine. There he met Bernard Raynes.

The story within this story is of Bernard Raynes, a Maine independent commercial fisherman. Paul Molyneaux became his apprentice. The description of Raynes's family, work ethic and independent fishing in a business that is rapidly being taken over by technology is compelling.

His first-hand descriptions of the many types of fishing he became involved in are quite remarkable. He also describes the politics and new regulations that have been instituted and how it affects those that have been fishing for generations and now are being forced out. He talks about the new fisheries that have developed for Asian and other markets, and the effects.

This book is a real first-hand explanation of what the fisheries were, what they have become, and why they got that way. This book takes you through all the processes, regulations, technology, and anything that pertains to commercial fishing and how it relates to not only independent fishermen but to you as well. Very comprehensive, but not so full of facts and figures that it becomes dry. Just the opposite. If you want to know what the life of a commercial fisherman is really like, this is the book for you.

Paul Molyneaux eventually graduated college, going to school in the off-season. He became a professional writer and writes for *National Fisherman* magazine, the *New York Times*, *Yankee*, and *Fisherman's Voice*.

A Boat for Rory

By Willaim F. McCullom
W.F. McCullom, Publisher
553 Main St., Boxford, MA 01921
Paperback, 27 pp. \$8.95
ISBN 0-9770924-0-2

Reviewed by James Gifford

On an island off the coast of Maine there lived a little boy named Rory McAllister. He lived with his mom and dad on Chandlers Island in Casco Bay. Casco Bay is a real place in Maine not too far from Portland, but we weren't able to find Chandler's Island on any of the maps available to us.

Rory has wanted a boat for a while. Not a toy boat, but a real one. His dad tells him, "it's not a matter of age but responsibility." Before he gets a boat of his own he gets a sister named Elizabeth Ann (Lizzie Ann for short).

For his birthday that year he gets a sailing dingy which he names after his sister. For two seasons he sails her with his best friend and *Lizzie-Ann* becomes another member of the family. During the second year he sees an outboard motor in the window of the hardware store and buys it so he can explore the islands farther down the bay and help his dad fish for lobsters.

As Rory grows up and has less time for messing about in his little boat, *Lizzie-Ann* falls into disrepair and begins feeling more and more left out. Her seams are open and her paint is falling off. The sad little boat even tells us that she is beginning to feel left out. The book has a happy ending and *Lizzie-Ann* gets back on the water, but I won't tell you how.

This is a good book. It's a good beginner's reader because there aren't many long words. The pictures are mostly line drawings and they help tell the story. My three-year-old brother enjoyed having this book read to him.

(James, age 10, is the owner/builder of a Payson Tortoise.)

The Shallow Water Sailors enjoy a spring cruise every year. These cruises are generally three days long, starting on a Friday with those coming from a long distance staying longer. This year marked the 27th annual spring cruise for the SWSers that started on April 28. Participants were asked to write about their most memorable moments and these were put together into one annual report that goes into the group's newsletter. Those of you who sail mostly alone might think of starting such a boating group. Memories accumulate and great friendships are formed.

John Zohlen

Peep Hen, Edgewater, Maryland
From *Terrapin's* log of Friday and Sunday
Friday evening, April 28: The 27th Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise had started without me. Mary and I had spent the day showing my West Coast nephew and his wife their first sights of Washington D.C. Now they had moved on to the wedding activities they had come to attend. The Honda Element and Peep Hen were ready to go.

1830: The drive across the Chesapeake Bay Bridge was slow, typical for a Friday night. The rest of the drive to Kent County and a public launching ramp at Long Cove was uneventful. Saw familiar cars and trailers as I pulled into the parking lot. Yes, the Shallow Water Sailors had been here.

1935: Launched the Peep Hen. The sun was just above the horizon. I had been looking forward to this moment since last fall. My 22nd Spring Cruise (20 in the 1984 Dovekie and my second in the 1989 Peep Hen). Parked the car. Raised the mast and took off the sail cover.

1945: Underway. Motored out of Long Cove and passed green can buoy #3 to starboard. Changed course to 170 magnetic for the entrance to Reed Creek, distance about 3.5nm. The Shallow Water Sailors should be there at night anchorage. Captain Nissan was making turns for about four knots (about one-third throttle). At this speed the run across the Chester River would take about 45 minutes. Winds were ENE, 5-10 knots and cold.

2000: Observed sunset. I knew it would be a race against time to get to the anchorage before dark.

2030: Sighted a buoy off the starboard bow. Could not identify it but it had to be green and red can buoy "LC." Halfway across I thought, "Press on." The western sky was now bright coral and charcoal gray. Very pretty, I thought. "Red sky at night, sailor's delight!" I was not concerned about hazards at the entrance to Reed Creek. The problem would be just finding it! The shoreline ahead was getting darker and darker. I began looking for a notch in the shoreline indicating the creek entrance. Where were green can #1 and red nun #2? I did not want to hit them in the dark. I began to have second thoughts about the wisdom of a night crossing. Maybe I should have stayed in Long Cove for the night? Well, I thought, it is too late to think about that because I was more than halfway across.

2045: Really dark. No moon or shoreline lights. Checked the compass a couple of times with my red lens flashlight. 170 degrees magnetic. Right on.

2055: Finally saw a break in the shoreline. The marsh grasses of Gordon Point came out of the darkness to starboard. Reduced speed to two knots. I knew from

Shallow Water Sailors' Spring Cruise Round-up

(Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*)

Edited by Ken Murphy

two previous visits to Reed Creek that I had to give the point a wide berth. With the point deep on the starboard quarter I saw a light to the south. Turned towards it thinking it might be an anchor light. The rest of the boats would be in the SE lee of Gordon Point. I called the Shallow Water Sailors several times on VHF 71 and FMS 8-1. No answer. "They must have all turned in for the night," I thought. Turned to the SW to continue rounding the point. No boats in the cove. The Shallow Water Sailors must be further up the creek in the lee of the north shore.

2100: Turned to the SE staying in the middle of the two shorelines. By then it was really, really dark. Saw some lights ahead. Motored another ten minutes up the creek. Suddenly saw the outline of a Shearwater with a white mizzen along the north shoreline. That had to be *Ardea* (Harry and Alice Mote). The rest of the Shallow Water Sailors had to be near. Slowed to bare steerage and moved closer to the north shore. Saw a very familiar sight ahead, a sailboat with mast well forward, "summer house" amidships, and a very distinctive anchor light over the gallows. It had to be Ken and Virginia Murphy in *The Sanity*. Motored close aboard and whispered Ken's name. In a short time a head poked out of the flap. "Channel 8-1 in five minutes," I whispered.

2110: Anchored between the Murphys and another Bay Hen. It had to be Bill Grey's boat all the way from Mississippi. I felt a sense of relief. I thought it ironic that, in spite of many years of shallow water sailing, this had been my first night transit. Secured topside and struck below. Finally out of the cold wind I lit the paraffin lantern. Its warm, yellow glow was comforting. Called Ken on 8-1 and chatted for a minute. He gave a roll call of boats and crews present and those expected Saturday. With that I said good night. I remember thinking as I got ready to turn in that this had to be the start of a really great cruise. I checked topsides one last time and marveled at the millions of brilliant stars, then got into the heavy sleeping bag, clothes and all. I was fast asleep in minutes.

The weather for this year's Spring Cruise was some of the best I can remember. Bright sun, cool air, and enough "river" winds to make for challenging sailing. River winds, that is where it blows plus or minus 20 degrees either side of a general heading and from 5-15 knots with short periods of no wind at all.

Saturday morning: We sailed from Reed Creek, out onto the Chester River and up to the Corsica River. Halfway up the Corsica we beached on the north shore under the tree line for lunch and a gam.

Saturday afternoon: We got underway again, back down the Corsica, across the Chester and Langford Creek, and into Davis Creek. The two Shearwaters put down anchors in the lee of the north shoreline. I asked permission to go alongside *Wandering*

Bark (Paul and Debbie Follansbee). *Scout* (Leo Smith and Sandy Lommen) came alongside me. The Peep Hen, at 14', looked like a small fender between the 28' Shearwater and 23' Martha Jane. I was in a strategic position though, as the hors d'oeuvres were being passed left and right across *Terrapin*. No one was hungry when we finally broke up the raft and went to anchor for the night.

2100: Anchored for the night. I was standing in the hatch enjoying the evening air and brilliant stars (still could see Orion) when I heard Paul and Debbie Follansbee across the water playing a guitar and singing several sea chanteys and favorite SWS songs. It was the icing on the cake for this cruise. We clapped after each song. I finally put my head on the pillow that night with the lyrics they had just sung going through my mind: "Winter is gone. My mind is on the mend. I'm sailing on the Chesapeake Bay once again with my shallow water friends." Indeed!

Sunday morning, April 30: I got underway before the others to do some more sailing. My goal was to circumnavigate Cacaway Island. The small, wooded island, about 100 yards wide and 200 yards long, is located about a half mile up Langford Creek from the Davis Creek entrance. Winds were still NE and "river" in nature. Sailed up the eastern side of the island with Phil Sampson and Norm Wolf close behind. When the time was right I turned west, fell off on a broad reach, and ran the 15-yard gap between the island and the mainland. Yahoo! Gybed over in the lee of the island and ran back down the Langford to Long Cove.

Sunday 1130: Hauled out, rigged the boat for the road, and joined the others at Ford's restaurant in Rockhall for Maryland crab soup and ice tea.

I was very pleased with the Peep Hen's performance this cruise. She is a stiff boat with eight gallons of water stored in the box keel. I did not reef at all. She moved well in the puffy, spring winds. Summer zephyrs, I know, are another story. And yes, Paul and Debbie, my mind is now on the mend because I had been on the Chesapeake Bay once again sailing with my shallow water friends.



Bill Gray

Bay Hen, Meridian, Mississippi
Being from Mississippi and having read about the great cruising grounds of the Chesapeake, when the 2066 Spring Cruise was announced I knew I just had to participate.

Getting from Meridian to Rock Hall presented its difficulties such as the price of fuel, the distance, and towing a boat through cities like Atlanta and Washington, D.C.

I wanted to visit with sailors from another region of the country and to get a chance to see in person some of the boats I have read about such as the Peep Hen, the Dovekie, the Sea Pearl, and the Shearwater.

But also having just experienced Hurricane Katrina, I wanted to express thanks on behalf of the citizens of Mississippi for the outpouring of support we have received and are still receiving from all over the United States. I told those gathered for the cruise that I think every conceivable charitable organization in this country has helped and is still helping with the recovery effort.

All of us in Mississippi deeply appreciate this support and ask that you keep us in your thoughts and prayers as we work to rebuild our state and our beautiful Gulf Coast.

Virginia Murphy

Bay Hen, Gaithersburg, Maryland
(From *Sanity's Log*)

Absolutely perfect weather this cruise! Clear blue skies, warm sun, good breezes, a little chilly at night, sleeping bags, blankets, hats in order.

Highlight of conversation during raft-up was "Mississippi Bill's" inspirational talk about Katrina volunteers and ongoing efforts to rebuild the towns devastated by the storm.

Harry and Alice Mote

Shearwater, Barnegat, New Jersey

The Spring Cruise is itself a highlight of the sailing season, usually the first launch of the season in some beautiful spot on the Chesapeake; great raft-ups for the renewal of old acquaintances and the making of new ones. This year the weather was spectacular with three brilliant days. And we saw an eagle on our way into the Corsica.

On Saturday morning we woke at first light to the song of the Carolina wren. We heard a few red wing blackbirds, a cardinal, and other species, but the Carolina was dominant and non-stop. This pleasant experience reminded us of why we love this kind of cruising and the Chesapeake in the spring.

As the day grew brighter the Carolina's song faded. Free of land-based cares, our most pressing question was, do we stay under the toasty warmth of our sleeping bags for just a while longer, or crawl out into the cool morning of another beautiful day?

Sandy Lommen and Leo Smith

Martha Jane, Wynantskill, New York

Upstate New York is getting more representation than ever on these Spring Cruises, and no wonder. As April is finishing its oppressive ways, the need for warm weather, blue skies and singing birds is at its peak.

Some years we have even left for the Chesapeake in a snowstorm. The fantasy is that spring has come to Maryland. This year the fantasy was real. Well, the very cold nights were real, too, but that didn't matter. As we drove south the leaves on the trees opened like time-lapse photography. The red-bud and dogwoods were in full bloom. The wisteria was doing its gangly, purple best.

For the four days of the cruise the weather was just perfect. The wind was strong but not daunting. The sailing was superb. We even snuck in an extra day of sailing by just leaving home two hours earlier than usual. To our surprise, the cryptic note in Norm Wolf's windshield... Davis Creek, Thursday night... was enough to gather up seven boats for a raft-up. Let the storytelling begin! We say this every year but this really was the best Spring Cruise in our 21 years of participating.

Many thanks to John Zohlen for all his scouting and planning.

Jake Millar

Dovekie, Brick, New Jersey

I'd been to Reed Creek before, two or three times actually. I sailed in for the first time almost 20 years ago with my brother Scott aboard his Cape Dory 25, *Persistence*. We sailed across the bay from Deep Creek on the Magothy River. We negotiated the somewhat tricky (if you have a 3' keel under your boat) dogleg entrance to Reed Creek, never daring to attempt the even trickier entrance to Grove Creek. We put an anchor down in almost the exact same spot where we (SWS) rafted up on Friday evening.

I remember sitting in the cockpit telling my brother about this boat that I was obsessing about called a Dovekie. I went on about how much further the creek went back and that with a keel boat you'd never get to see what was back there.

Well, almost 20 years later I had a chance to see what was back there. After another great raft-up and being thoroughly fed on appetizers and Norm's curry with rice (there are advantages to cruising "bachelor style") I finally realized a 20-year-old desire to see the furthest back reaches of Reed Creek. I was not disappointed! Puttering in just at dusk with enough water to get back in to a really private spot, I put my small anchor down and got the boat tented in before the bugs could move in with me. I popped a cold beer and found a Yankee's game on my AM radio, still too excited to fall asleep. I sat up in the cockpit and stargazed while listening to the night sounds of birds and other critters all around me.

When I awoke in the morning I got to really see how nice my "parking spot" was. Sitting in the cockpit again, this time with hot coffee and a blueberry muffin, I was joined by a small bird which landed first on the tip of my rudder blade and then leaped up to the end of the sprit. She bounced along the sprit and then moved over to the gallows perched right alongside me as I finished breakfast and started cleaning up. What a nice start to another day of sailing with good friends!

Dana Gunnison

Seaward Fox, Silver Spring, Maryland
Countdown to the 2006 Spring Cruise

Saturday, April 1: Went outside. Flowers and tree buds beginning to appear. Lifted cover of tarp on boat. Boat still there. Towed it to Annapolis for repairs on boom gooseneck and sail track on mast. Went home. Watched NCAA basketball.

Saturday, April 8: Called boat repair place. Boat not ready. They hope to have it by next weekend. Watched baseball on TV.

Saturday, April 15: Drove to Annapolis. Towed boat home. Noticed trailer tire is flat. Got lug wrench. Push, pull, grunt. Lug bolts rusted frozen. Spray lubricant on lug nuts. Went inside. Watched baseball. Went outside. Tried lug wrench again. Push, pull, grunt. Nothing. Two lug bolts unscrew with lug nuts still frozen on them. Standard Ford truck jack breaks while attempting to raise boat trailer. Go to auto parts store. Buy 1½-ton hydraulic jack. Also find can of "Gunk" which fills tire with foam and compressed air. During week, buy two new tires for trailer.

Saturday, April 22: Go outside. Tire is still semi-inflated. Cross fingers. Tow boat and trailer to gas station. Mechanic says he's closing up. Look pitiful. Another customer arrives. Mechanic agrees to stay. Uses air socket gun on lug bolts. Switches tires on both sides. Tells

me that lights don't appear to work. Look pitiful. Doesn't do lights. Drive home carefully. Test plugs and sockets. Have wrong testing device according to neighbor. Call girlfriend (Beth Rowe). Ask her to come help pack boat. She decides boat and cushions need thorough cleaning. I start with deck. She asks for spray cleaner. Works all afternoon and into evening before boat passes her inspection. I go inside. Listen to baseball game while compiling mounds of equipment.

Wednesday, April 26: Consider menu for two dinners, two lunches, two breakfasts. Request Beth make fish chowder. Shop for chili, pancake mix in a shaker bottle, salad, dressing, bread, butter, yogurt. Imagination salivating thinking about meals on the water with Beth, bottle of wine, some fruit and cheese. Assemble sail and battens. Bend sail on boom and zip into sail bag.

Thursday, April 27: Make appointment for trailer lights before work on Friday. Due to circumstances beyond my control, have to work all day on Friday. Make one last stop at boat equipment store to convince self that nothing is lacking. Buy Beth her "official" deck shoes... good move as found out later that night. Pack clothes. Offer to share dry bag with girlfriend. Offer refused. Gather clothes in living room with food and other equipment. Looks like used marine equipment chandlers located in a 7-11 store. Beth and I too tired to pack boat. Stay inside and sleep.

Friday, April 28: Weekend weather looks cold but manageable. Drop off boat for maintenance on lights. Go to work. Trouble concentrating. Mind going over last minute details when not daydreaming about weekend. Pick up boat, stay at shop to assist owner in minor repair of bunker board. Stop on way home for ice, beer, and wine. Continue packing boat, two sleeping bags, pillows, boat bag, rope bag, cooler, four bags of clothes, etc., etc., etc. Fall into bed exhausted.

Saturday, April 29: Morning clear and cool. Noticed we've overslept. Panic about arriving at ramp with enough water to launch. Continue packing. Boat resembles a yard sale. Skipper checks to make sure we haven't forgotten anything. On way to Beltway to head towards Bay Bridge, Beth reminds him she didn't remember us packing water. Stop at store and buy water. Find donuts and Starbucks. Arrive at ramp, 3:00pm. Spot fleet sailing up Langford Creek. Too busy to call on radio or cell. Tide tending toward low. Skipper in semi funk as next high tide much later that night. Old waterman working on his boat in ramp side slip assures us we have water enough.

Skipper warily eyeing ramp sign that marks end of ramp and beginning of drop off. Visions of being stuck on Miles River Yacht Club ramp dances in head. Desire to sail overcomes caution. Boat floats off trailer. Skipper leaves girlfriend to race back to store for launch permit. Now 4:00pm. Store closed early at 3:00. Drive to West Marine and two other stores. Nothing open that can sell permit. Leaves note to police about situation, starts outboard. Engine sputters and dies. Starts engine. Engine a little more smooth, then sputters and dies. Finally get engine idling and back out into Deep Cove, Head northeast.

Saturday, April 29, 5:30pm: Last message from Ken Murphy indicated fleet would try coves to right of Wacama Island east branch of Langford. Skipper comes to realization that cell phone was left on charge in

truck. Tries marine VHF, no answer. Beth steering boat, seems to enjoy it. Sun going down, no sign of fleet on Langford East. Reverse course, cut through channel north of Wacama and start up Langford West. Beautiful day, no rain (yeah)!

Saturday, April 29, 6:30pm. Still can't raise anyone on handheld VHF, Skipper makes decision. Pull into very pretty cove surrounded by homes and lots of trees. Drop the hook. Watch osprey on nest provided by cove dwellers. Sun going down. Fish chowder still frozen. Break out wine, boil water, sift through collection of freeze dried dinners. Skipper dials in baseball game for score. Boat looks like landfill below deck. Usual problem of packing twice as much as needed compounded by a factor of two. Somehow manage to find room to stow extra stuff. Roll out sleeping bags.

Sunday, April 30: Suddenly discover we've slept through night and enjoy cold, but beautiful morning. Boil water. Menu called for blueberry pancakes on Saturday morning. Concerned about tidal factor at ramp. Breakfast on yogurt and granola with coffee. Churn stowage of cabin stuff. Pull anchor and motor out of cove. Set sail and head out on SW course.

Spot Sandy and Leo's sails ahead. Beth enjoying the helm. Boat moving nicely downwind. Make Long Cove all too quickly but need to take advantage of tide. Decide to get in line to pull out. John Z. helps with recovery (thanks again, John). No ticket on windshield, thanks for small favors.

Have extended visits with SWS members and decommissioning of boat. Join SWS at Ford's for lunch. Return to launch area and continue making boat ready for trip home. Encounter Paul and Debbie, Norman and Diana. Spend more time talking. Leave ramp, stop for launch permit. Weekend a qualified success as skipper and Beth didn't come to blows and actually seemed to enjoy being together on the water.

Skipper dreaming of weekends to come this summer.

Ken Murphy

Bay Hen, Gaithersburg, Maryland

Yes, we did have clear days and nights. We sweated when in the sun and were chilled in the wind. The sky was an unbroken blue from horizon to zenith and at night the silent stars hung way down low so when we reached up high we could touch them.

But we did not have everything we wanted. We talked of those sailors who did not make it. We were expecting John and Patty Gerty and their Martha Jane, *Zephyr*. Worried, we called their home phone and found them home. The boat commissioning was more than John expected and so they stayed home. We missed John's smiling face and Patty's storytelling.

Also missed was the Shearwater *Blue Heron*. Her main mast needs rebuilding. However, her crew did show up for Sunday's lunch so all was not lost and I got to shake Dean's hand and give Mary a kiss.

We talked of the surprise visits from folk who live far away. Jake told of taking aboard as crew Dr. Peter Neal from Wisconsin. Peter had been in town for business and lucked into a berth on *Shorebird*. Jake remembers the Sunday morning of the cruise when he had to get Peter back across the mouth of the Choptank River to catch a flight home. The crossing was a touch and go

affair with wind and waves making the crossing most memorable. Jake was thankful to have an experienced Dovekie sailor with him on that crossing. We miss these rare visits by our members from across the country.

We did have one visitor who represented our far flung membership. Mississippi Bill made a 1,000-mile plus trip to say thanks on behalf of Hurricane Katrina's victims from Mississippi. Only firsthand stories such as his own can give us an inkling of what it must have been like to face such a deadly storm. Thanks, Bill, for coming all that way to be with us.

Spring Cruise Crew List

Paul and Deborah Follansbee and the dog, Abby, on *Wondering Bark*, a Shearwater. Brian Forsyth and his son, Sam, on *Reely Otter*, a Sea Pearl 21.

Bill Gray on *Poulet d'Eau*, a Bay Hen. George and Melodie Griffin on *Sea Weed*, a MacGregor, 22.

Dana Gunnison and Beth Rowe on *Therapy*, a Seaward Fox.

Norm and Diane Hudson-Taylor on *Annika*, a Litorina.

Ernest Kloppe and Pat Smalley on *Diva*, a Dovekie.

Jake Millar on *Shorebird*, a Dovekie. Harry and Alice Mote on *Ardea*, a Shearwater.

Kenneth and Virginia Murphy on *Sanity*, a Bay Hen.

Phil Sampson on *Dovekie*, a Dovekie. Leo Smith and Sandy Lommen on *Scout*, a Martha Jane.

Mark and Alice Truscott with sons William and George on *Rattler*, a MacGregor 26.

Adventure

Adventure means risking something. And it is when we are doing that that we know what a splendid thing life is and how splendidly it can be lived. The man who never dares, never does. The man who never dares, never wins. It is far better to venture and fail than to lie on the hearth rug like a sleepily purring cat. Only fools laugh at failure. Wise men laugh at the lazy and the too contented and at those who are so timid that they dare undertake nothing.

(Alain Gerbault, *The Fight of the Firecrest*)

Norm Wolfe on *Piilu*, a NormsBoat. Bill Zeitler on *Amenity*, a Bay Hen. John Zohlen on *Terrapin*, a Peep Hen. That makes 16 boats, 28 sailors, and a dog.

Answered Dreams By Moby Nick

In answer to your query in *Shallow Water Sailor* about dream cruises, we've been living my dreams for years, starting with the Quetico and the Chesapeake in *Pil-Pel*, continuing to Isle Royale and the Maine Coast in *True North*, right up to our this year's plan to cruise up Desolation Sound in the Strait of Georgia.

All of these waters seem remote to those of us out on the midwestern prairie of Illinois, but the ease with which Dovekie and Shearwater may be towed to distant water has made it all possible. Hats off to Peter Duff and Phil Bolger. Cruising dreams I once nourished only with voracious reading have become reality in their handy, light-displacement, flat-bottomed, sprit-rigged little vessels.

Many would ask, "Why not just charter a boat where you want to cruise?" I have a simple answer, "Because cruising in one's own boat is much more fun, as well as safer in a hard chance because we know exactly how our vessel will behave under marginal conditions." Add to that the fact that our skills have been honed in Dovekie and Shearwater to a point where "marginal" always seems reduced to "manageable."

Where next, following British Columbia, and maybe the Sea of Cortez after that? Well, the ultimate dream would be to stuff *True North* inside a container and ship her to London or Amsterdam, whereupon we would embark on a year of cruising the canals of England and France, wintering on the Med, then trailering her up north for a cruise over to Norway, up one of the fjords to the home of a cousin of Gayle's.

More realistic would be to ship our boat to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands and cruise for several months.

Quoting from South Pacific, "If you haven't got a dream, then how ya' gonna, make a dream come true?"



The Idea of a Water Trail

It was ten years ago that I first paddled the entire Maine Island Trail from Portland to Machias, and what a thrill it was, especially since I was using my 16' open whitewater solo racing canoe. In the meantime, I have advanced to a covered 17'2" Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe with rudder and spray skirt and just finished my big 4,000-mile loop around all the New England states and the Canadian Maritime provinces. Ever since then I was really looking forward to coming home and getting another close look at our Maine coast and seeing how our Maine Island Trail Association has changed over the past ten years, if at all.

Even though the membership of MITA has remained steady at about 4,000 I understand, the organization has become much more visible, not only in their new waterfront office in Portland, but nationally and even internationally as the trailblazer for coastal water trails. One of MITA's followers, the Hudson River Watertrail Association, is one of the nearest and best known success stories around. I was nicely surprised last year that I could paddle from Lake Champlain all the way down to Manhattan, New York City, with a wonderfully detailed trip guide and legal overnight sites.

Our paddling friends in Nova Scotia, on the other hand, decided to give up on organizing a trail after trying to establish one for a couple of years "since there did not seem to be a demand for it," as they put it. The rough coastline and the reliably bad weather, they noticed, only enticed the very best boaters to go tripping beyond certain more sheltered bays like Mahone Bay and the Lunenburg area. The 30-mile stretch from Cape Canso to Port Felix, for example, does not even have a road nearby so is very inaccessible and therefore very risky in an emergency. And rounding into the Bay of Fundy at Cape Sable Island can be downright dangerous.

When I had finished paddling the MIT in 1996, I immediately wanted to know what lay beyond the trail to the south and the north. In the following two years I therefore checked out the shoreline from Portland to Boston and from Machias to St. John, New Brunswick in my trusty sea canoe. But not until this year did the MIT expand, at least to the south, to the Cape Porpoise area, a tad NE of Kennebunkport. So on June 29, 2006, I set out to check Cape Porpoise to see if it could be a viable starting point to a MIT trip.

Trip planning.



The Maine Island Trail Revisited

By Reinhard Zollitsch

MIT Extension

My wife Nancy was kind enough to car shuttle me to the put-in. Even our daughter Brenda came down from Portland to see me off, thanking me for being a good father of the bride for her wedding 12 days before. (Except for our younger daughter Kim, all guests had left, including our two sons Mark and Lee from the West Coast. Is this my "time off for good behavior?" Anyway, I'll take it, I need it.)

As for the put-in at Cape Porpoise, there was none, no public boat launch, no ramp, no parking, no water to fill my tanks, no outhouse, and it was dead low in pea soup fog to boot, bummer. The "Town Wharf" on Bickford Island turned out to be the town's lobster co-op and what parking there was was filled with lobstermen's cars. At low tide the stretch out to the wharf was a sea of mud (see NOAA chart insert of Cape Porpoise Harbor). I guess one could have portaged over a steep rock bank to the mud flats, slugged it out to the wharf, and put in amongst the many poles holding up the lobster co-op and hope to get waterborne. All you can do then is home in on the foghorn on Goat Island, because there is no shore to hold on to.

It looked like a very discouraging, messy beginning to a long trip with lots of gear, even for an old boater like me. I had to find something better, my pushy mind insisted, some all-weather, all-tide hard-surfaced put-in where boaters are welcome and even intermediate boaters would feel comfortable. My DeLorme Atlas suggested Kennebunkport and Biddeford Pool as the nearest public boat access points which, by the way, would be fine places to start from if you just wanted to explore the truly wonderful and interesting Islands off Cape Porpoise, don't get me wrong. But parking your car there for a couple of days could again be a problem in both places.

Knowing both already, I went to check out the third boat landing in the area, the one at Tattle Corner on the Saco River, just below Biddeford. Now here you have what every boater has been dreaming about, a quiet, new, two-ramp boat launch with floating dock, lots of parking, outhouses, sheltered deep water, no fog, and all within a few miles of the Interstate which you are most likely coming on, and all that for free. I liked that and decided to start my trip to Machias right here, suddenly regaining my usual positive attitude. Thanks, I needed that.

Tattle Corner, will it all fit in?



On the Trail Again

So you are off on the trail but don't deceive yourself thinking you can reach the next MITA site in Casco Bay "28 miles down the coast from Cape Porpoise" as the guide-book suggests (it's already 30 miles from the Cape to Portland Head Light and you are not even in Casco Bay yet.) Trust me, you can't get there from here, I did not either, I did not even try, not even from Tattle Corner, I knew better. The stretch from Cape Porpoise into Casco Bay is a formidable piece of real estate, definitely not for beginners, and even most intermediate paddlers would encounter major difficulties rounding Biddeford Pool, Prouts Neck, Richmond Island, not to mention the stretch from Cape Elizabeth to Portland Head Light with its many ledgy fingers extending far out into the sea, causing crashing waves farther out than you would want to go.

Starting your MIT trip at the well-appointed public boat launch in Portland and heading out into the sheltered island world of Casco Bay is still the best way to start your trip, believe me. The islands off Cape Porpoise are great to explore for a weekend, but do put in somewhere else and definitely do not start your MIT trip here. You'll be sorry.

My first night out, though, was nicely peaceful with a wild turkey hen strutting past my tent door around supper time, checking out the island intruder. I bounded around the ledges off Cape Elizabeth the next morning and got into Casco Bay in thick fog, so thick I could barely see Portland Head Light and had to feel my way across to Cushing, Peaks, Long, and Great Chebeague to Bangs Island.

Visibility was greatly improved the next day so I was able to cross over to Potts and Harpswell Harbor, go under the unique Wills Gut granite slab bridge between Bailey and Orrs Island, swing around the next big bay, and even bounce around Cape Small into Seal Cove. I knew from past sailing and other boating experiences that I had to set up right for the approach to the mouth of the Kennebec.

The Tidal Maelstrom of the Kennebec River

Unfortunately the tide the next morning was running out towards me, while a strong 20 knot SW wind on top of some old much bigger swells was running against it, the worst scenario for this brief five-mile stretch to Fort Popham. However, I felt I could stay out of the tidal melee by hugging the shore but soon noticed I had made a bad mistake. The shore break went all the way out to Heron, Fox, and Wood Islands and I found myself on the very edge of what my boat and I could handle. The waves were humongous, breaking with 20-30' crests.

I surfed my laden boat as I had never done before and got whopped in the chest several times. I threaded my way through the Fox Islands because the bar towards shore was white. But then my mind refused to go outside of Wood Island. I would have dumped for sure and would have been taken out to sea, a thought I did not relish all. So I opted instead for a hard, wet surf landing where the Wood Island Bar touches Popham Beach, hoping that my bulletproof kevlar boat would survive.

The bar off the point had just enough water on it for waves to break on, so instead of landing there I tried Plan B. I caught a big wave and surfed it forever, it seemed, until it

too broke on the shallow bar with me bracing in the froth. At that very moment I was hit by a breaking wave coming at me from the other side. Whew, that was close!

A vigorous sprint got me across the rest of the bar and towards Fort Popham, where I had to rest, bail out, switch charts, and calm my somewhat frazzled nerves with some food and drink. Crossing the mouth of the Kennebec itself was a piece of cake compared to what I had just encountered. So please, my paddle friends out there, do me a favor and do not attempt to run the stretch from Cape Small to the Kennebec on an ebb tide with a strong SW wind running against it. This is the worst stretch of the entire Maine coast, beware!

I had originally thought of going up the Kennebec, or better, the Back River to Erratic or Castle Island, but opted instead to claw my way up the wide Sheepscot River towards Boothbay. Wind and tide kept fighting each other all the way up towards the narrows between Five Islands and Hendricks Point where this struggle again resulted in huge, steep, breaking waves. I wanted none of it this time, went one mile upriver before crossing over, and all was fine; i.e., doable.

Gliding into Boothbay Harbor from the north through Townsend Gut and following the Southport Island shore to a camping area recommended in the MITA guidebook was strangely controlled and civilized. Then I found out there was no camping near shore, but the owner agreed to truck my gear to a site in the woods. I had no choice and made the best of the situation and the shocking \$29 camping fee, took a hot shower, rinsed my totally saltwater drenched clothes and threw them into a dryer before I had to get ready for the next day with new charts, PB&J sandwich for tomorrow's lunch and the high point of the day, my three-minute call home to Nancy on my sat-phone.

Rounding Pemaquid Point into Muscongus Bay

The morning dawned sunny, calm, and warm, a perfect day for my itinerary around Ocean Point, through the Thread of Life just east of Christmas Cove, and across to Pemaquid Point. From a landlubber's point of view Pemaquid Point looks rough, but it is nothing compared to other capes like Cape Small or Petit Manan, which is still to come. This headland is absolutely clean except for one little ledge outcropping and the tides are very predictable, the ebb tide out of both Johns and Muscongus Bays again being worse than the flood tide.

It was ebbing again, but there was no wind, only old swells from yesterday's wind. I was smiling from ear to ear, taking pictures of the lighthouse and the many tourists on the beautifully striated rocks and humming a happy tune. A pod of seven sea kayakers, two of which had bicycle wiggle sticks, like mine, for better visibility was floating off the point also having a great time.

I was pushing past New Harbor towards Louds Island when I was suddenly almost run down by a sizable power boat full of people. I blew my whistle like mad, since my air horn had slipped out of its usual place. It was close and I was breathing hard. The boat came to a screeching halt about 30' in front of me. I explained my right-of-way situation (boat from the right has right-of-way), pointed to my visibility-enhancing 6' bicycle wiggle stick with orange flag as well as to my



It's all in and I am off.



Portland Head Light in the fog.

Unique granite slab bridge at Wills Gut





Cape Small/Seal Cove, view from my tent.



Rounding Pemaquid Point.

Unloading fish at Port Clyde.



deck-mounted radar reflector, but the driver obviously had not paid any attention nor had any of his passengers.

I pulled out on Thief Island for the night, which I had to share with five other parties and two more groups of visitors. As the MITA guide indicates, Thief is a very popular spot which I will avoid in the future for that reason. It was definitely too crowded for me, even though I had a friendly conversation with a former student of mine and her husband who builds the most beautiful wooden sea kayaks I have ever seen.

I continued my 20-mile a day goal, heading across Muscongus Bay towards Port Clyde and around beautiful Marshal Point Light to Tenants Harbor and the tiny island of Cylends near Spruce Head. Fog had settled in again and hung around all night and the whole next day, also. But this did not deter the citizens of Sprucehead Island from celebrating the 4th of July with significant fireworks.

It was a wonderful scene. I could not see from one end of my little island to the next and definitely not to shore. I doubt very much whether the people of this little fishing town could see more than I could. But they had their fireworks, fog or no, and enjoyed every moment of it. I heard their shouts of approval, especially for those big imaginary starbursts with whistles and double bangs. That night I dreamed of glorious past fireworks and had a very restful sleep.

Crossing Formidable Penobscot Bay

As I said, the fog was just as thick the next day up Muscle Ridge Channel to Owls Head and across to the Rockland breakwater, with lots of boats coming into Rockland or going out, including the Vinalhaven ferry. I hoped they would see me on their radar with my new radar reflector, which I felt they did because I heard a lot of whistles, but I never saw another boat.

Just north of Camden the fog lifted just enough for me to make out Islesboro and Warren Island, where I would spend the night in the only Maine state park that is only accessible by water. I was bushed after 26 miles and 7:45 hours in the boat. But when the sun came out and the tide in, swimming was great and so were my coffee and cocoa and Dinty Moore stew.

I do not really mind fog, but I would much rather cross big Penobscot Bay on a calm, sunny day. And that is exactly what I got for my big jump from the southern tip of Islesboro to Little and Great Spruce Island (about 1.5 hours away) and from there via Butter, Eagle and Sheepshead to tiny Weir Island just off Deer Isle at the western entrance of Deer Isle Thorofare and Stonington. What a delightful place and what a perfect viewing point of the many boats and windjammers using those narrows. Weir Island also has a beautiful flow through pocket beach for landing my boat and swimming, all in a very enticing place, a definite repeat.

I had just rounded into the Thorofare the next morning when I noticed the schooner *American Eagle* anchored off Stonington. She looked so pretty in the early rays of the rising sun that I stopped to take a few pictures. I was also impressed by the spotless brightwork and smooth paint job and complimented the crew. I knew how much effort it takes to keep a boat in Maine waters looking that good, since I once had sailed on a small

schooner across the Atlantic from Camden, Maine, to St. Malo, France, as a watch captain in charge of wood and canvas. The skipper must have overheard my comments and quietly lowered a bucket over the side with a piece of apple pie. What a friendly gesture, and in all my thousands of miles of travel in my little sea canoe, this was a first and I told him so.

By then all passengers had gathered around and watched me eat my pie. I was further surprised that skipper John Foss remembered the boat I had sailed on and even knew that we had to replace all sails before leaving Camden, since a sail loft in Massachusetts had chemically burned the sails while treating them for mildew (see my article "Fidder's Green Across the Atlantic" in the July 15, 2003, issue of *Messing About in Boats*).

From Deer Isle to Mount Desert Island

Then it was time to push off. I felt I was getting into very familiar waters heading up the Thorofare to the SE end of Eggemoggin Reach at Naskeag and into Blue Hill Bay. Since the weather was fine, I opted to straight-line it from there across to Green Island, the Tinker Island Bar, and Moose Island, just off Mount Desert Island. Not until another 6:45 hours was up did I reach little Hub Island off Bartlett where I had wanted to spend a night for a long time. I again had the island all to myself but had to share the only shady spot under the big spruce tree with a myriad of ants.

#124, Little Crow Island near Winter Harbor, was another tiny island I had always wanted to check out, especially since the guide book advises, "Waves may wash over the island at higher tides or in rough weather, camp at your own risk." What a place, what views of Cadillac, Dorr, and Champlain mountains to the west! Landing at mid-tide on that lovely shell beach on the east was easy, swimming was great, and camping on the highest part of that beach simply divine, a true island experience if you ignored the close granite shore behind you towards the east.

Nancy and our two daughters were spending the weekend at our small summer home in nearby Corea Harbor and decided to surprise me and wave to me on my island from the mainland. Next morning I saw them again, waving towards me as I bounded around Schoodic Point whilst I was blowing kisses towards the three most important "girls" in my life, and then I was on my own again.

Downeast Across Petit Manan Bar

I pulled out at high tide on Dry Island in Gouldsboro Bay, setting myself up for the next very significant crossing of Petit Manan Bar. I figured I had to leave next morning at 5:30am. It was dead low and nearly impossible to get off this little rock pile island surrounded by extensive ledges and more muck. It took me an extra 30 minutes to get off and my boat and I looked terrible. The only good thing about this morning's tide was that once I was over the bar it would nicely flush me into Pigeon Bay and towards Cape Split. The bad thing was that the inner bar could still be too shallow (7') for the bigger swells not to break on. Big breaking waves, I had learned near the Kennebec, are no place to be for small boaters.

Petit Manan Point, at the entrance to the bar, also had two ledgy fingers pointing to an



Picturesque Marshall Point Light



Camped in Warren Island State Park.

Tiny Weir Island off Deer Isle





Schooner *American Eagle* off Stonington.



Sunrise over MDI from Bartlett Hub.

Four-masted schooner *Margaret Todd* off MDI



offshore rock with less than 8' in between. This could be trouble and it was. Waves were breaking far out into the ocean, intimidating even me. But I knew what they were breaking on. I also knew that waves would be crashing onto the bar proper, two-and-a-half miles out to the lighthouse island. But I had to see whether they were breaking even on that narrow little 7' deep channel known as the Inner Bar.

I am sure the lobstermen out there must have thought I was crazy as I rounded the ledge breaks including the big rock off the point. But then suddenly there it was, a relatively smooth tongue between big breaks to either side. I can do it, I told myself, feeling good that I had not given up too soon, and I went for it and did great, only to make yet another large detour around Bunker Ledge making out almost half a mile from the left shore.

I felt elated, I was in Pigeon Hill Bay, but as I traversed Narraguagus and Pleasant Bays towards Cape Split a total of seven miles of more or less open water, the wind came up again and thick fog to boot. I also had decided to accelerate my trip so I could be home a day early to see my younger daughter off to Prague (Czech Republic). I pushed on to Jonesport on Moosabec, Reach, another hard 24-mile, six-hour day.

The campground at Henry Point was quite familiar to me and very convenient for my last hop of 25 miles to Machias. I pitched my tent behind the fragrant rose hedge right at the water's edge. I knew 4:00am would again come very early, but I had to catch dead low at 5:10am so I would be flushed into Machias Bay and up the river to the town proper with the incoming tide.

Into the Last Bay – Machias Bay

And again it all worked out as planned, even though this was another day of thick fog. The Point of Maine at the entrance to Machias Bay was the only tricky spot and I would advise boaters to be very careful around that long ledge finger off the point as well as the extensive ledges making out from Foster Island. And that is not enough, there is a nasty rock right in the middle of that tight passage. If you also had a strong ebb tide and a strong SW wind this corner could be downright dangerous. So watch out and plan your rounding at the proper tide.

It was sad for me to see that the vigorous salmon farming behind Clapboard Island had already folded, leaving the broken-down netted enclosures as junk on shore.

Paddling up the rest of Machias Bay in the thick of fog was anticlimactic, especially since this was the last day of my trip (July 11, 2006), Day 13 for the 260 miles I paddled. By doing more open water crossings rather than going up into every bay I shortened the official 350 MITA miles by 90 miles. I again hit my planned target miles per day and was right on time when I pulled out at the nice public boat ramp in Machias beside Helen's Restaurant and Route #1. Nancy and our daughter Kim had just ordered lunch but ran out to see me in. I then joined them for a juicy crabmeat roll, but Helen's famous blueberry pie was great disappointment, too sweet, too gluey, and all that wrapped in a thick crust like cardboard. I could not wait to have a piece of Nancy's pie.

Our cookout that night at home in Orono worked out great and was a perfect double celebration of the end of my trip and the end

of Kim's visit for her sister's wedding. And it was nice for Dad to see his younger daughter off to Prague the next morning.

Final Thoughts on the Trip

As to the MIT ten years later, it is still there and as hard as ever if you intend to paddle the entire distance, and Portland is still a much better place to start from than Cape Porpoise. I met no other paddlers being on a trip of any length, only day or weekend paddlers on Thief Island, Pemaquid, and guided group trips around Mount Desert Island. Nobody was out in fog or anything beyond 10 knots. I met only fine weather sailors.

The sites I visited all looked clean and inviting and I signed in at each place, reading who had been there before me. The previous entries were mostly from the year before, and it was already past July 4. I am sure, though, that the islands off Merchant Row to the south of Stonington/Deer Isle are frequented more often, but on my entire trip I never found a site filled; as a matter of fact, other than Thief Island (as well as the State Park and the two commercial places I stayed at for convenience) I always had the site to myself.

The nicest surprises were the tiny islands of Weir, Bartlett Hub, and Little Crow. Dry Island was scratched off my list unless I know I will arrive and leave around mid to high tide. The islands off Cape Porpoise are great for exploring if you put in somewhere else, other than the public wharf on Bickford Island, Cape Porpoise. The stretch from there into Casco Bay should only be attempted by experts and should not really be considered the beginning of the trail. You will be much better off starting in Portland as paddlers have done for all these years.

I cannot warn you enough about the treacherous conditions around Cape Small and from there to the mouth of the Kennebec. BEWARE OF A STRONG EBB TIDE WITH AN OPPOSING SOUTHWEST WIND, ANYTHING ABOVE TEN KNOTS (20-25 is downright dangerous). Pemaquid is exposed but pretty clean, and if you round it at any stage of the flood tide you should be fine. The Petit Manan Bar way down east is another spot that demands special attention. At ebb tide with a strong SW wind, the Inner Bar will be impassable. Even at the beginning of the flood stage with any kind of sea on it, it will be dicey to find and to thread your way in between the breakers on both sides.

And then there is the innocent looking Point of Maine at the entrance to Machias Bay, an ebb tide with an opposing SW wind, which is the prevailing wind direction this time of year, can also be extremely challenging here. And remember, the farther east you go along the Maine coast, the fewer fishermen and other people you will find watching over you, while the water is getting colder and foggier with each mile.

I have made a lot of mental notes of which areas along the Maine coast I would like to investigate in more detail and do some serious gunkholing, but I will not tell you where those areas are because I do not want to run into all of you readers there. I hope you can understand that.

After having paddled the entire stretch around all the New England states and all Canadian maritime provinces during the past seven summers, a total of 4,000 miles, it was a relief to get back home to Maine and, believe me, Maine still has the most beautiful and diverse coastline, closely rivaled by



Little Crow, a minimal island.



Nancy and Kim waving to me on Little Crow Island.

Rounding Schoodic Point.





Heading Downeast after Schoodic



Dry Island, staging for Petit Manan Bar.



serene Prince Edward Island and harsh, unforgiving, but awesome Nova Scotia.

So, my friends, keep paddling, but most importantly, be prudent, be safe, and enjoy, and be kind to the fragile islands when you land.

Gear and Equipment:

Verlen Kruger 17'2" Sea Wind sea canoe, Kevlar, with rudder, deck, and spray skirt (see <http://www.krugercanoes.com>)

Zaverall carbon fiber marathon canoe racing paddle, 11oz (see <http://Awm.zre.com>)

NOAA charts, Ritchie compass, stop watch, radio telephone, Iridium satellite phone (for outgoing calls only), West Marine Luneberg lensatic radar reflector, 6' bicycle wiggle stick.

No GPS..

Left: Bridge across Moosabec Reach to Beals Island at Jonesport.

KLEPPER

FOLDING KAYAKS

www.klepperwest.com

We Specialize Exclusively in Folding Kayaks


Klepper West
6155 Mt. Aukum Rd.
Somerset, CA 95684-0130

**Factory Direct
BEST PRICES**

Toll Free: 888-692-8092

Below: Arriving in Machias.





KAYAKS

Boréal Design

Wilderness Systems – Old Town

CANOES

Ranger – Old Town – Radisson

Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker

Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951

(978) 465-0312

On Saturday, August 12, we completed our Charles River journey, from the source to the sea or thereabouts. The launching site was the Newton dock at the Nahanton Street Bridge, one of the finest canoe landings on the river. Promptly at 8:30 we gathered in the parking lot and planned the logistics for the day. After much studying of the maps and river guides we decided that we could easily do the run all the way to Norumbega Park, where Route 30 crosses the river and there is another large landing area just across from Charles River Canoe and Kayak.

Tom Heys joined us on this segment with his lightweight 15' solo boat, Bill Conrad brought along the Brodbeck, Ed Howard and I paddled my red 16-footer.

Shortly after the put-in we came to the first of four portages. This one was a carry of about 100 yards around the Silk Mill Dam. At this portage there is a decent landing spot and a well-defined trail down a rather steep hill back to the river below the dam. Here the river drops a good 25' through a gorge. This is the first part of the Newton Upper Falls.

Just a short way down from the Silk Mill Dam we went under Echo Bridge, a beautiful stone structure built in 1876 to carry the main water aqueduct to Boston, still in use by the MWRA to deliver water. At this bridge we had to take out again for portage number two, this time most of the carry was on the street, around what is called the Metropolitan Circular Dam, and then down to a rocky put-in followed by several hundred yards of shallow water requiring some wading to prevent scratching and cracking our old wooden canoes.

After a while the water became deeper and we had a mile-and-a-half of smooth paddling before the first of two more dams at the Newton Lower Falls. This first one is the Cordingly Dam, the portage is about 250 yards through the parking lot of the Walnut Street Industrial area with more shallow water at the put-in. In the short distance to the second dam we paddled under the busy and noisy I-95.

Tom Heys, our birding expert, kept track of the species that we saw on today's trip. By the end of the day his total count, was 22, from a Black-Crowned Night Heron to a Tufted Titmouse and many in between. I never would have expected so many birds in such a busy area.

At the Finlay Dam, which is in Wellesley, we stopped for lunch at a pleasant park right at the portage. A historical marker at the park informed us that President George

Charles River Source to the Sea

Conclusion

By Steve Lapey

Washington stopped here, putting us in good company. This carry was interesting, down the busy sidewalk of Washington Street, which is State Route 16, past several stores and other businesses, across the street (at a crosswalk), and then through an alleyway to a large parking lot and back to the river. Thankfully Bill had taken the time to scout out this area ahead of time so we knew the route to take.

After this final portage we had another two-and-a-half miles of paddling, including another bridge under I-95 before coming to our destination, the site of the famous Norumbega Park and the Totem Pole Ball Room. Of the four of us, only Ed had memories of the band concerts and dances that were held here until the 1960s.

After taking out here, we came to the conclusion that further travel beyond here would be a little too urban for us. Also, as the water quality was rapidly going downhill it appears that this will be the end of the line for this great Norumbega adventure. We were about five miles from where the Charles River Dam locks drop the river to sea level.

Starting out in Bellingham on April 1 we have paddled and portaged over 65 miles of this historic waterway. Along the way we have passed rural areas, small towns, and large marsh areas before coming to the busy urban area in the I-95 corridor. In the early segments we were dragging over downed trees and winding our way through narrow spots, and at the end we were paddling in a large waterway, sharing it with dozens of kayaks and motorboats.

Portages? I have lost count but there must have been a dozen, none of them were really long or difficult. Some of the take-out and put-in areas leave a little to be desired, but that is the way of river trips, you take what you get. By doing this long distance trip we have learned that there are some sections of the Charles that are worth revisiting and that there are some areas that we really don't need to see again. In our future trip planning we will stick to the good sections.

Tom's Complete Bird Tally For This Segment. (22 Total)

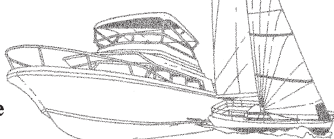
BlackCrowned Night Heron
BlackCapped Chickadee
Black Duck
Blue Jay
Canada Goose
Chipping Sparrow
Catbird
Cormorant
Crow
Flicker
Goldfinch
Great Blue Heron
Herring Gull
House Sparrow
Kingbird
Kingfisher
Mallard Duck
Robin
Rock Dove
Spotted Sandpiper
Tree Sparrow
Tufted Titmouse
(Total)
BlackCrowned Night Heron
BlackCapped Chickadee
Black Duck
Blue Jay
Canada Goose
Chipping Sparrow
Catbird
Cormorant
Crow
Flicker
Goldfinch
Great Blue Heron
Herring Gull
House Sparrow
Kingbird
Kingfisher
Mallard Duck
Robin
Rock Dove
Spotted Sandpiper
Tree Sparrow
Tufted Titmouse



By-The-Sea

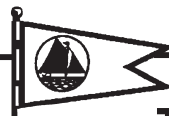
www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com



COLUMBIA TRADING CO.

BUY - SELL
FREE BOOK
CATALOG

- Nautical Books
- Ship Models
- Marine Art & Antiques

On Line Catalog:
www.columbiatrading.com

1 Barnstable Rd., Hyannis, MA 02601
(508) 778-2929 Fax (508) 778-2922
nautical@capecod.net

International Scene

It was 50 years ago this year that trucker Malcolm McLean experimented with carrying large steel boxes on the decks of his tankers. And 40 years ago the first container arrived in Europe. Thus started one of the most impactful changes in ways of shipping goods.

An industry association warned the European Union that ports could be involuntarily closed if the latest EU directive on air quality goes into effect.

Those guilty of responsibility for the pollution following the 1999 sinking of the tanker *Erica* near the Channel Islands will go on trial this December.

After Iran's Supreme leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei warned that oil shipments could be jeopardized, the U.S. Navy pledged it would safeguard the Hormuz Strait to ensure free flow of oil and trade if Iran or other nations try to close that vital channel.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

As usual, men died, ships got into trouble, and cargoes were delivered on time last month:

A seaman lowering a boarding ladder on the chemical taker *Formosa Thirteen* fell overboard in Wellington Harbour and was not found.

A seaman on the Portuguese container feeder vessel *Blue Marlin* was killed at Malta when a lifeboat came away from its position during a lifeboat drill and crashed into the sea. Two others were injured.

A stevedore at Port Adelaide was killed when a load of steel dropped on him. Apparently the load caught on something and then snapped free.

On the *POS Auckland*, loaded with fertilizer for Devonport and moored at Geelong, a knife fight broke out on board. Two men were cut up and one was arrested.

Sometimes ships just sank. This happened to the bulker *Kanaya*, carrying 20,000 tonnes of coal off Somalia. No details available.

An engine room explosion on the empty tanker *Banglar Shourabh* off Chittagong, Bangladesh, inspired 45 crew members to jump overboard. Two crew members left on board died and the chief mate was badly burned. The tanker then slowly sank due to bottom plates cracked by the explosion.

The coastal lighter *Sumi-3*, loaded with 700 tons of fertilizer, sank in rough weather in the Sandwip Channel, Bay of Bengal and all 16 crew were rescued by a Bangladesh warship. (In the same channel, three days earlier, the cargo trawler *Azmir* and the ferry *Imrul Kayes* collided and capsized, killing 17 passengers on the ferry).

On the lower Mississippi the piloted tanker *Stolt Perseverance* collided with the moored towboat *Jeck* and sank it.

And then there the near sinkings: Off Somalia the ro-ro *Reef Zanzibar* nearly sank when it took on water because of a broken propeller shaft.

The Indonesian tanker *Tirta Niaga I* was allowed to anchor in Paradip Port although it was leaking crude palm oil. Indian authorities decided that pumping out the oil and fixing the leak was better than a major oil slick at sea.

Fluids sometimes played a role: Containers leaking toxic and highly flammable cleaning liquids on the *Kota Pahlawan* caused considerable anxiety at Brisbane and part of the port was cordoned off while eight containers were removed and safetied.

The Filipino tank barge *Billy Star* sank with a cargo of sulfuric acid. Raised, it sank

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

again while awaiting repairs. Apparently acid in the bilges ate through the barge's bottom plating. It will be raised again.

In Nigeria an explosion on the Nigerian lightering tanker *Tutuma* seriously injured two and left an unknown number missing.

On the Miami-bound ro-ro *Seaboard Trader*, four stowaways were found in a container loaded with t-shirts. Two were still alive. They apparently joined the ship at Puerto Playa in the Dominican Republic and could have been Cubans or Dominicans.

In a remarkable relaxation of previous strict policies about ports of refuge, South African authorities allowed the damaged ore bulkier *Setsuyo Star* to anchor in False Bay after the ship arrived at Cape Town with a fracture in Hold 1. Authorities required that the tug *Smit Amanalla* (one of the world's largest salvage tugs) must be made fast alongside the ship at all times in case the situation (weather or the state of repairs, we presume) deteriorated. However, the tug was soon released to go to the aid of the container ship *Safmarine Agulhas* which had lost power half a mile off East London. Strong currents pushed the ship onto the port's western breakwater and three attempts by local tugs failed to pull the ship off.

Gray Fleets

South Korea launched the 214-class submarine *Sohn Won-il*, the first of nine subs its navy plans to acquire by 2020. The \$350 million warship has a crew of 40.

U.S. naval expert Norman Friedman suggested that Canada really needs an aircraft carrier if it is to operate independent expeditionary forces or "you're going to have a lot of dead Canadians who don't deserve to be dead." A Canadian officer replied that Canada has been and is interested in acquiring a small carrier that would carry helicopters, but he said Canada does not need a conventional carrier that could launch jets. Canada's Sea King helicopters are more than 40 years old.

Three sailors died when a small Sri Lankan patrol boat capsized in rough seas during a search mission.

The U.S. Navy conducts regular Sink-Ex (sinking exercises), both to get rid of old warships and to provide training opportunities. In a recent Sink-Ex off North Carolina, the Spruance-class destroyers *Comble de Grasse* and *Stump* were attacked by .50 caliber machine guns and larger weapons up to 5", with Harpoon and Air Force Maverick missiles standing by if needed. The .50 caliber and 20mm rapid-fire weapons proved to be very effective in disabling the warships without sinking them, that was quickly done by 5" fire directed at the waterlines.

During multi-national naval exercises off Scotland a Norwegian warship ran aground on tiny Gruinard Island, perhaps better known as "Anthrax Island." A bombing target during World War II, the island was used to test the killing power of anthrax. It killed a flock of sheep and the island was declared off limits until recent years.

Sixteen U.S. Senators sent a letter to Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld asking him to increase the Navy budget from \$8.8 billion to \$14.1 billion because DoD reports have noted that China's navy will be larger than the U.S. Navy by 2015.

Norway will be commissioning new frigates but will not have crews for some of them. The navy needs more than 500 people, mostly officers with special skills, but newly trained officers are leaving the navy for better pay and conditions elsewhere

White Fleets

Cruising can be eventful: A crew member on the cruise ship *Imagination* disappeared between Miami and Grand Cayman.

A woman passenger with severe abdominal pains was airlifted off the *Mercury* while it was passing Port Hardy on British Columbia's Vancouver Island.

While proceeding to a repair yard, the cruise ship *Vistamar* ran aground in the Kiel Canal and blocked it for two hours until the tug *Bugsier 11* arrived.

Cruising can be... At a trial about how a Brisbane woman died on the *Pacific Sky* in 2002, a former night manager testified that some passengers ran around naked, couples fornicated in corridors and public areas, and use of date rape drugs was common. The dead woman was found naked on the floor of her cabin less than 24 hours after she set sail with family and friends. She died of an overdose of gamma hydroxybutyrate, also called "fantasy." Eight men were considered as persons of interest and one of them had been seen running in the corridors, naked except for a life preserver.

At Spain's Ibiza the cruise ship *New Flamenco* had a mechanical failure while trying to back into its berth and hit the *Lady Moura* and then the *Mate Mua*. The *Lady Moura*, owned by Lebanese ex-waitress Mouna Ayoub who received the vessel as part of a divorce settlement, is the world's most expensive yacht and the *Mate Mua*, owned by Baroness Thyssen, is also an ultra expensive megayacht.

Although other cruise ships will continue to fetch scads of tourists to Aruba, the 2,642-passenger *Carnival Destiny* will no longer stop there and that will cost the island about \$18 million next year.

Antarctic cruises are "a disaster waiting to happen," said British diplomats. About 32,000 visitors arrived last year, many carried by large cruise liners that are not ice strengthened.

Water skiing is unlikely to be offered to most cruise passengers but a German did water ski behind the 575' cruise ship *Deutschland*. He got up to speed behind a speedboat, then switched over to a line from the ship as it traveled at 17 knots.

They That Go back & Forth

Ferry riding can be stimulating: In Chinese waters off Zhuhai City, a Hong Kong ferry T-boned the Xiangzhou-Wanshan ferry *Donggu No. 1* and it sank. No casualties. And the Zhuhai fast ferry *Doing Qu Yi Hao* collided with the Macau-Hong Kong fast ferry *New Ferry 85* and sank. All 92 on the Zhuhai ferry were rescued by the ferry *Dong Qu Er Hao*.

Off Italy, the bigish ro-ro passenger ferry *Moby Fantasy* collided with the bigger ferry *Nuraghes*. No injuries.

Off the coast of Massachusetts it was the maiden voyage of a new ferry from Salem to Boston and the ferry was loaded with celebrating dignitaries and politicians as it ripped along at 29 knots. Ten minutes into the voyage one brand new engine went up in smoke, a "catastrophic failure." As one par-

ticipant noted, "It had a full warranty, which was a good idea."

Ferry riding can be deadly: In Egypt, nine young men took a ferry of some sort to cross the Nile after attending a religious festival south of Cairo. The ferry capsized and eight died.

And the ferry *Surya Makmor Indah* sank off Sumatra Island and 94 of over 100 persons on board were rescued.

Marine experts come in all sizes and competencies. In New Zealand one testified at a hearing that a 45° roll of the Cook Strait ferry *Aratere* was "dangerous" and a subsequent 50° roll coupled with shifting cars and vehicles made the ship come "extremely" close to capsizing and "a second wave or swell was very likely to have capsized the vessel." On cross-examination he admitted he was not familiar with all of *Aratere's* characteristics and had not examined its stability data. He also revealed that he had applied for a master's position that had been awarded to the master of the *Aratere*.

Nature

Torrential rains in the U.S. Gulf of Mexico region caused waste oil storage tanks to overflow and that sharply affected U.S. petroleum production. One incident involved 20 miles of the Calcasieu Ship Channel linking the major oil port of Lake Charles with the Gulf after 15-18,000 barrels of oil leaked out from containment basins. Affected by a several-day Channel shutdown mandated by the Coast Guard were four refineries, including the U.S.'s fourth largest, and they started using oil from the U.S. Strategic Petroleum Reserve. A week after the spill, nine ships were waiting to get in while 30 were trapped inside.

In St. Bernard Parish in Louisiana, desperate officials are considering sinking surplus steel vessels to create a barrier against hurricane flooding. They would be sunk in the little-used Mississippi River Gulf Outlet, a ditch dug in the '60s that tripled its width due to scouring and also flooded thousands of acres with salt water. Louisiana has lost about 2,000 square miles of wetlands since the '30s.

Prolonged strong winds and heavy rain plus strikes by customs officers, health inspectors, and others caused liner operators to consider skipping container ship stops at east coast South America ports such as Paranaguá and Rio Grande in Brazil's far south.

Technology being tested on Royal Navy warships may reduce the amount of rubbish handled onshore. Pyrolysis could turn most household trash into a fine carbon powder.

The owners of the bulk carrier *Federal Pescadores* will pay \$3.2 million for repairs to the coral reef off Ft. Lauderdale where the ship grounded last October.

Russia wants to build floating nuclear power stations and work on the first station will start next year at a yard that usually built nuclear-powered submarines. This first of six stations should be ready by 2010. They will be used where importation of coal and oil is difficult and expensive. The Russians wouldn't mind selling a few stations elsewhere.

The anti-whaling ship *Farley Mowat* was under arrest at Cape Town while a dispute over certification was discussed at length. One side claimed the vessel was registered as a Canadian yacht while South African authorities demanded commercial certification. Apparently tired of arguing, the

Farley Mowat skipped out of Cape Town and arrest under the cover of darkness.

And on the other side of the Atlantic Greenpeace's *Arctic Sunrise* was denied entry to St. Kitts where the International Whaling Commission would meet in two days. Earlier in the year the *Arctic Sunrise* and the *Farley Mowat* had harassed the Japanese whaling fleet in Antarctic waters.

As New Zealand co-sponsored a motion that censured Greenpeace, the Green Party said the nation should really be willing to send a frigate to act as a watchdog and neutral witness of the Japanese whale hunt. "It would serve as a restraint on all parties," said a Green Party spokeswoman.

Legal

The chemical tanker *Bow Prima* was detained at Houston because the crew released benzene vapors that resulted in "personnel exposure." The owners, a Norwegian company, owned two chemical tankers that had massive onboard explosions in the last two years.

A UAE court sentenced the Indian master of a Norwegian tanker and five crew members to life imprisonment for beating a fellow crew man to death while in international waters off the emirate of Fujairah in the UAE. An appeal was launched because the family of the deceased had pardoned those guilty.

American shipping company Pacific-Gulf Marine agreed to a guilty plea for allowing engineers on four of its car carriers to pump oily bilge water overboard and will pay a \$1 million fine plus \$500,000 for community service. The company revealed that it was in the midst of an in-house investigation when federal charges were placed against it and that may have kept the fines low. Several of the ship's chief engineers now face jail time and fines.

Metal-Bashing

In Denmark the accommodation section of what may be the largest container ship built to date was badly damaged by fire at Odense just weeks before its sea trials. The *Emma Maersk* was believed to have a capacity close to 13,000 TEU. If the damaged section can be hoisted it maybe replaced by that from the next ship being built.

The landing craft *Consing*, loaded with steel for a new shipbuilding yard in the Philippines, sank in Subic Bay from being overloaded. Some oil spilled. An accident at the yard a week earlier had injured three, two of whom later died.

A decommissioned Russian submarine being towed for scrapping by the tug *Grito China* took on water and sank off Kamchatka Peninsula. Poorly sealed hatches were the probable cause.

Italian cruise ship builder Fincantieri would like to build warships for the international market, including the U.S. Navy and Coast Guard, and may lease part of the old Philadelphia Navy Yard.

A Vietnamese shipyard tried to launch a 10,500-tonne Sun Island-class bulk carrier but wax on the launching ways had melted away due to 41°C temperatures and the ship got stuck partway down. It was later launched with help from a tug.

Belfast's famous Harland & Wolff shipyard (builder of the *Titanic*) is bidding to become the first yard in the U.K. to scrap old ships in an environmentally friendly manner.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Eleven Asian countries (Cambodia, Japan, Laos, Singapore, Thailand, the Philippines, Myanmar, Korea, Vietnam, India, and Sri Lanka) signed a regional agreement to combat piracy and armed robbery of ships while Brunei was in the process of joining in. This is the first such government-to-government agreement and the nations will set up a full-time information sharing center in Singapore.

After four pirated vessels were recovered in the Philippines, Sumatra arrested 16 members of an Indonesian piracy gang that hijacked small vessels such as tugs and barges. The gang's modus operandi was to recruit crew members who would steal the vessel. Then its identity would be changed and it would be sold out of country. Authorities are looking for two other vessels.

Odd Bits

Great Britain and Thailand will not allow a private company to salvage two World War II "human torpedoes" or "Chariots" that sank near Dok Mai Island while in action against the Japanese.

The U.S. Navy will investigate whether something on the bottom of the Gulf of Thailand is the remains of the submarine *USS Lagato* (SS 371), sunk by the Japanese in World War II.

The master of the Turkish bulk carrier *IDC-1* was arrested in Venezuela for cocaine trafficking, although his attorneys insisted he was the one who had notified authorities of suspicious activities. While waiting for a pilot, he noticed a floating line and also saw a diver nearby. An underwater inspection revealed a tube with 70kg of cocaine attached to the ship.

A British schoolgirl wrote to the Royal Navy's top admiral asking for the loan of a helicopter for a school project. Charmed by this request from an 11-year-old, he sent a Royal Navy Lynx chopper to the school. (The school's motto is "Aiming High.")

Head Shakers

Last March, the tug *Mighty Deliverer* was towing the semi-submersible oil platform *Petrobras XXI* from Brazil to Singapore via Cape Town when the towline parted in the South Atlantic. The tug *Ruby Deliverer* joined in the search and visual contact was maintained until May 10 but was then lost when the rig disappeared into the immensity of that empty ocean. Then, three months later in June, islanders looking for stray cattle on remote Tristan da Cunha found the rig firmly aground just offshore. A salvor dispatched the big salvage tug *Zouras Hellas* but it met rough seas on the way and, at last report, most of its crew were seasick.

A new tugboat company backed by hard-nosed Dutch towage firm Kotug has been trying to break a monopoly on tugboat ship-assist services at Le Havre but French authorities have been frustrating its entry. Purportedly the problem is the company's failure to prove that its five tugs can provide service at all times, but the real hitch lies in its use of smaller tug crews which the existing company would have to match to stay competitive. And that means lost jobs! The operations director of the challenging company got so frustrated that he asked, "If they do not allow us to work, how can we prove that we are right?" and he went on a hunger strike.



I used to work on tugboats in order to make enough money to stay in the boatbuilding business. It worked out pretty good. I would tug for 20 days and then had ten days off to build the boat. I used to cheat a little and figure out what I was going to do on the boat while I was on the tug. I carved half models and drew plans, developed the panels for "V" bottomed plywood boats, and even did my lofting out on the barge so I could carry the patterns for the molds home folded up in my suitcase.

The tugboat I mostly worked on was a captive deal. I could quit anytime I wanted to and come back and get on when I got ready. They had a terrible run. There was this one little Gulf Coast town (which will remain nameless) where there was a tradition of small, locally owned, seagoing tugs which contracted to haul petroleum barges across the Gulf from the giant refineries in Mississippi Sound, Louisiana, and Texas to the power plants and tank farms down on the Florida peninsula. These little boats (all under 90') ran all the time and were so trustworthy that they just about had a monopoly on the petroleum contracts beyond the eastern terminus of the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway at Dog Island.

The captains had a hard scramble to try to keep a crew on there during the winter. Though it is not legendary, the shallow Gulf of Mexico is a rough little piece of water some of the time. I can remember some trips when we were trying to come back from some place like Crystal River with two empty barges on the towline in a norther when we hammered on the same spot with 2,000hp for 48 hours. When I got to where I needed a little cash, all I would have to do is show up with my suitcase and a big grin about Christmas time. I know how to cook, splice big lines and cables, and fix junk machinery. I advise anybody who wants an easy job on a tugboat to learn to do those things. If you can do that, you always got a

The Best of Robb White 1997-2000

The Catfish Story

By Robb White

(The responses from readers to this story, which appeared in the February 1, 1999, issue, convinced Robb that he was not wasting his time contributing to our pages)

ticket to ride, at least in a non-union situation in the wintertime.

This story ain't got nothing to do with all that though. I was cooking on there one time when we had to go in for a crankshaft job. All those little old boats had two engines. This one had a 16-cylinder 99 Cat but some of the boats ran GM, EMD (Electro Motive Division) railroad locomotive engines, and quite a few still had the old Atlas or Enterprise heavy duty direct reversible engines (that's where you had to shut the engine down and crank it back up running backwards to get reverse).

Another boat had two Fairbanks OPs (that stands for "opposed piston," two pistons trying to come together in the same cylinder, fuel injected in the middle between them, two crankshafts, one on top and one on the bottom geared together, kinda tall) bought surplus out of a J class submarine, if you must know.

The engineers on those boats could do any kind of overhaul work on one engine while the other was running so we didn't have to stop and hurt our reputation. We replaced pistons, liners, and connecting rod bearings, did cylinder head jobs, turbo charger bearings, rebuilt and calibrated injector pumps and injectors, rodded out oil coolers,

fixed pumps, generators, all kinds of junk, all at sea, rocking and rolling down in the din and heat of the engine room, dancing cheek to cheek with each other and the two engines, one scattered and sliding all over the place and the other one thundering loud and scorching hot.

We did that so we could keep running, which was the only way a small operation could beat out the competition. But we had to go to the hill to take the top of an engine off the base to change out a crankshaft and main bearings. We called ahead, though, and had everything set up so we wouldn't cool off too much while we were out of fix.

I was having a little trouble with this old second engineer on there. He didn't like me and I didn't like him. Though it was against the rules to let personal differences interfere with the work of the vessel, we both pushed it pretty good. Every morning, I would get up about 4:00 and cook breakfast for six men (three at one sitting and then they would relieve the other three and I would feed them). It was a ritual on there that they had the same thing for breakfast every morning. I would put two strips of bacon for each man in the pan and while those were frying I would make the biscuits in a frying pan, seven biscuits, six catheads around the rim and one hexagon in the middle, buttermilk biscuits shortened with lard.

After I had put them in the oven and put on a pot of grits, the bacon would have shrunk up enough so I could put in the sausages. Those and the eggs were the only variable allowed in the breakfast ritual. The sausages could be either link style or patty style and the eggs were cooked to order as the men came, got their coffee, and sat down. I always thought it was a fairly good breakfast back before they discovered cholesterol. It was also a pretty nice sociable occasion until this fool got to sassing me.

At first he started complaining that I was overcooking the bacon. I even tried to

take his two strips out a little early but then he whined, "this bacon done got cold. This must be left over from yesterday." Then, "these is some soupy damn grits. You cain't cook a goddamn biscuit neither." The eggs were never right. "This what you call over easy? These damn eggs is plum leathery." He would eat it all though and wipe up the grease out of his plate with the last biscuit. I put up with all that complaining until we got tied up beside the dry dock for the crankshaft job on the one engine. One morning, since nobody was on watch, we were all crowded in the galley eating breakfast and he announced, "I cain't eat this. This ain't fit for a dog."

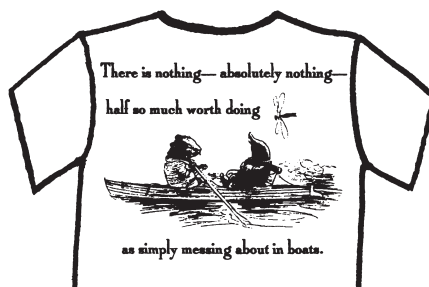
With that, I stomped over there and snatched his breakfast out from under his big red nose and, with one fluid motion, opened the starboard side galley door and flung the complete contents of his plate up against the side of the rusty floating dry dock where they slid down into the nasty water of the Alabama River. The yard men were already welding on another old junk boat in the dry dock and, in that ghastly flicker, I saw the sausages, eggs, and the pat of soupy grits slide out of sight beneath the slick from the bacon grease and the fuel and oil that is always around places like that. The two biscuits were left floating in the scum.

After I got through washing the dishes and pots and pans (and listening to a few impotent threats) I went out on deck to see the morning. I noticed that there was only one biscuit floating in the bacon grease. I wondered about that. I thought to myself, "theoretically, identical biscuits should do the same thing under identical conditions," when I saw this enormous pair of pale grey lips solemnly rise up under the remaining biscuit. There was a long, slow, deliberate, loud suction noise and the biscuit gradually began to spin in a counterclockwise direction. A vortex slowly formed and the biscuit was sucked down into those lips. I was mesmerized.


I knew where two more biscuits were. Our old captain didn't have any teeth. Oh, he had this set of cheap choppers that were used only for display but he couldn't eat with them. Us cooks always saved out two of the biscuits (one of the catheads and the hexagon) so he could mash them up in his bowl with his fork and some buttermilk.

Since he had his teeth in this morning so he could effectively negotiate with the dignitaries of the crankshaft job, I decided to flip one of his biscuits over the side to see if I couldn't get a better look at those toilet seat sized lips. It worked real good. Not only did I see the lips, but slimy whiskers as fat around as fingers, two opaque milky-blind eyes and a hint of the body of an enormous catfish. I dashed for the captain's last biscuit and my handline.

To make a long story short, hooking him was easy, but I couldn't stop him from going back under the dry dock and cutting me off. I tried again, but when I saw my hook stuck in his lip and scars from other hooks, I felt bad and quit trying to catch him. One old man who was trying to braze up some of the worst notches in the propeller of the boat on the dry dock said that that catfish had been living under that drydock for all the 30 years he had been working there and that nobody could catch him. "Too much steel on the bottom, besides he's big enough to eat a grown man." "That a fact," chirped me.



Simply Messing About In Boats
Nautical Apparel & Accessories
from
The Wind in the Willows
The Design Works
 toll free 877-637-7464
www.messingabout.com



SunCat

COM-PAC

14' Picnic Cat
 17' Sun Cat
 Other models
 in stock

FERNALD'S MARINE
 On the River Parker
 Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
 (978) 465-0312



KayakCraft
by Ted Moores

Learn from a master! Ted Moores has been building and teaching in the art of strip-construction for years. The book includes four Steve Killing designed kayaks. It's packed with Ted's tips and techniques, so results will be great. 185 pgs., softcover \$19.95 + \$4.50 postage

The WoodenBoat Store
 P.O. Box 78
 Brooklin, ME 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
 Call toll free 1-800-273-7447




PADDLES & OARS



Maine Craftsmanship at its finest. Surprisingly affordable. Most shipped UPS. Write for free catalog.

SHAW & TENNEY
 Box 213MB
 Orono, ME 04473
 (207) 866-4867



Messing About in Boats
Subscription Order Form
 24 Issues – 40 Pages Each Issue

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail Orders
 24 Issues – \$28 (Payable by Check)
 To: Messing About in Boats
 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943
 (6 Issue Trial Subscription \$7 Mail Order Only)

Internet Orders
 24 Issues – \$32 (Payable by Credit Card)
 To: www.duckworksbsbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted

I went to church yesterday, the Orthodox Church of the Old Salts. We meet on Sunday mornings at one or another member's boat and drink coffee and eat pastries. Well, OK, I drink decaf tea and eat rice cakes but that's another story. Yesterday's Old Salt had not had water from his ship's tank for five days, had been hauling it from a spigot on the dock in a bucket. Fortunately he doesn't use much.

I got there an hour early at 9:00 and his bilge pump wasn't working so I used a drill motor cheapie pump and two hoses to pump 10" of water from his normally dry ferrocement bilge. Filling his water tank, he'd forgotten to shut off the water and it overflowed, which is what started this story five days before.

Years ago he'd devised a gravity flow auxiliary tank to feed the galley and lavvy sinks. Too much water and possibly a plugged vent resulted in that tank bursting at one seam, thus the water in the bilge. When fellow parishioner Don arrived we began to pray on our knees to the god of water lines beneath the cabin sole. Lines for the Rube Goldberg water system ran fore and aft like the travel lines in Tron.

After much beverage and sugar and fat and contemplation of his very sole, we determined which lines went where and possibly when. It was clear a step down was necessary from 1" line to 3/8" line to get water to the galley sink and no other. This required two trips to the nearby hardware store for hose barb reducers and hose line for the three step process, 1" to 3/4" to 3/8". So far so good.

Praying for Water

By Richard Green

The old lines from the breached tank to the galley sink were a cobbled-together mix of clear plastic hose and PVC which we broke at the clear plastic lines, now darkened with age. We hooked into the old line there and got set to pump. Water, goaded by the Whale foot pump, once again flowed almost freely from the faucet. Almost freely. I confess here that it looked like bits of snot coming out of the line and soon the faucet diffuser filled and water ceased to flow easily.

A few more cleanings and trials indicated that maybe we had a larger problem. We inspected the darkened old lines only to find the darkness not of age but of a greenish lining of algae undisturbed by the weak pressure of gravity-fed water but now irritated into motion by the Whale pump. We removed a hinged cabinet door for a deeper look under the galley counter.

Another trip to the hardware store for a 3/8" hose mender end, thank God it's nearby, and we hooked up a garden hose from the dock spigot to blast the lines clean. No such luck, however, as this algae would give way only on the soft inner surface of snot, not on the long settled walls of the hose. Thus a little measuring resulted in another trip to the hardware store for a dozen feet of new hose line.

Then, having previously removed one drawer and one door from the cabinetry, removal of the faucet from the counter top became necessary because the connection could not be reached from below. The faucet was mounted on a block of wood which was, of course, caulked and screwed to the laminate countertop with two screws bunged with plugs. After removing those bungs Don remembered that he told his wife he'd be home by 4:00 and departed. Damn, wish I'd thought of that.

I pried the faucet block of wood from the plastic counter top, still mostly intact at this point, and the hose connection was made public at last. A quick disconnect from the barb, removal of the old line from the bilge and the engine compartment and under the counter, and I'm ready to reinstall the new line. Bingo! It all hooks up easily. After a quick reinstall of the faucet on the wood block, I'll caulk it next trip, and the pump, a few strokes on the foot feed and it's fresh water city!

I did a couple of strainer install and removals to clear the snot left in the pump and the faucet valve and those few tests at the faucet strainer indicated clean, fast flowing waters at the galley sink at last. After a quick cleanup I reinstalled doors, drawers, mopped up the sole, and was off to home. It was, beverage and pastry time notwithstanding, a 14 man-hour job well done for an old friend who, in his prime, would have spent three days doing this for any one of us. Whatever it takes to get by when you're messing about in boats.

The Beauty of Bronze & Racing Oarlock Performance

Rowers who take pride in their boat and their oar handling will love using these beautiful oarlocks designed by Doug Martin, boat designer & sculptor. Used with D shaft oars or sleeves on round shafts, they give perfect 6 degree pitch on the stroke and the recovery.

**Cast from "424" manganese bronze
Standard 1/2" Shafts \$50 pr.**

Rowing Sport (978) 356-3623

www.douglasoarlock.rowingsport.com



chesuncook Canoe Co.

Classic boating at a reasonable cost



Freighters for the Sound, the River, lakes and streams

12' to 23'

2 hp to 40 hp

27 Highland Terrace • Ivoryton, CT • 860-575-2750
www.chesuncookcanoe.com <<http://www.chesuncookcanoe.com>>
Call for business hours & directions

Harry Bryan Designed *21' Handy Billy*

First time in Fiberglass!!!
25 horsepower, 18 knot, Quiet, Efficient
Center Console, Elegant, Traditional

Southport Island Marine, LLC
P.O. Box 320, Southport, ME 04576
(207) 633-6009

www.southportislandmarine.com

"Life's Too Short To Own An Ugly Boat"
(Ask about our "Life's Too Short..." Boutique
Bumper Stickers, Shirts, etc.)

Pintail

By David Simonds

If you want a fun and easy-to-build small boat project, then Pintail might be a good choice. Pintail is a 10' duckboat with a 42" beam. It weighs about 80lbs and draws only a few inches of water.

You don't need a lot of room nor a lot of special tools to build her. I was able to obtain all the wood, fastenings, adhesive, and paint needed to build her at local stores for a cost of about \$120.

Pintail paddles real easy and I was surprised at the load she could carry. She is an eyecatcher and draws a lot of attention wherever I go.

Detailed plans for Pintail as well as a good variety of other watercraft can be obtained on the internet at <http://www.svensons.com/boat>. All of the plans are free and there are a number of good links offered.

If you have ever wanted to build a small boat with your own hands, don't wait, choose one to your liking and get started. There's nothing comparable to messing about in boats.



All framework in place.



Sides glued and fastened in place.



Bottom glued and fastened in place.

Deck and cockpit framing in place.



Keel, end pieces, and rub rail in place.

End piece and metal skid band.



Sides and bottom ready to paint.



Deck and coaming glued and fastened.



Double blade paddle gets primer paint.

Pintail ready for the water.



I was most interested in Phil Bolger's revisiting his Otter II design in the July 1 issue as I built one of the prototypes and sailed it for ten years. I started building *Nutmeg*, my Otter II, in Pennsylvania in 1979. I had previously built my *Featherwind* in 1976, taken it to a Mystic Small Craft Festival, and been very pleased with its performance. I was looking for a trailerable cruising boat and got a set of Otter II plans from Phil. There was no photo in *Different Boats* because I did not get my boat finished soon enough.

I was struck by the similarity of the two hulls. I made a transparency of the lines of *Featherwind* and projected it onto the lines drawing of Otter II. They matched perfectly. I mentioned this to Phil but he did not respond. Anyway, a good hull shape is a good hull shape.



Turning the hull right side up.

I built *Nutmeg's* hull upside down in my garage, turning it over by lifting one side, setting the edge on old tires, and lowering away until it was turned. Then I lifted it and ran the trailer built from a Ford Pinto rear axle with a wood frame under it.



The trailer.

In the meantime, DuPont transferred me from Delaware to North Carolina. I loaded *Featherwind* atop my Pinto station wagon, hitched up the trailer with half-built *Nutmeg* loaded with some tools and materials, and drove to Wilmington, North Carolina, on Labor Day weekend 1980. The Pinto brakes were barely adequate for the load I was towing so I was extra cautious. I had some fuel pump trouble on the way and finally arrived at the house we had bought on Pages Creek about half a mile upstream from the Intracoastal Waterway.

Off to North Carolina in August 1981.



Otter II

By Dave Carnell

Through September I replaced the shag carpet in the house with teak parquet tiles. Eleanor joined me with our belongings the beginning of October. Through the winter I set up my shop and worked at finishing *Nutmeg*.

Phil called me at work one day to warn me that two prototypes had capsized and sunk, suggesting I add flotation in the cockpit. I boxed in the cockpit seats with foam under them and enclosed the space between the after bulkhead and the frame in the cockpit, filling it with foam. However, in my extensive sailing, whenever the boat has been knocked down enough to have water coming over the lee gunwale the wind has dumped out of the mainsail.

For sails I bought used sails. The red sail from a Dyer Dhow was a perfect mizzen, though red is the wrong color for constant sun exposure. I bought a Ratsey marconi main large enough to cut down to the gaff main. My beloved artist drew the Otter insignia for the sail and did most of the sewing.



The Otter insignia Eleanor designed.

Bolger speaks of a "man and a boy" being required to step the 20' mast. When I tried stepping the mast with the boat on the trailer on the driveway, I dropped it. It was obvious I would not be able to step it afloat. I resorted to using the boom as a gin pole to lift the mast at a point well up on it while I guided the heel into the hole in the mast partner and into the mast step on the bottom. Later, with the boat in the water at my pier, I would move it under the pier with the tide down a ways and use the flagpole on the pier as the gin pole. I never could rig the boat speedily and easily at a ramp. The redesign to a Birdwatcher-style cabin and a tabernacle will solve that problem.



Stepping the mast ashore.

I launched *Nutmeg* at a nearby ramp in May 1981. I had saturated the hull with tributyl tin (legal then), given it a coat of epoxy resin, and applied copper anti-fouling paint,

greatly underestimating the voracious borers of our semi-tropical waters.



First launch in 1981.

In late September 1981 I sailed up the Intracoastal Waterway about 80 miles "downeast" (the North Carolina coast trends "downeast" similarly to the New England coast from Boston to Maine) to the annual Wooden Boat Show at what is now the North Carolina Maritime Museum. I received a hearty welcome and began some long-standing friendships. Eleanor drove to Beaufort to meet me and sail with me in the event's race, a pretty casual contest. I dropped her off at the pier and headed home off the coast.



At the Wooden Boat Show in 1981.

I sailed all night without knowing my position as there are no lighted aids close to shore. Dawn revealed some large observation towers. I was in breakers on a bar about 100 yards offshore at Camp Lejeune, the large Marine base, a prohibited area. One breaker caught me and flooded the open area forward of the cuddy. I anchored, pumped out the flooded compartment, and sailed through the breakers by heading directly into them. Bad weather was shaping up ahead. I ducked into the Intracoastal at New River inlet sooner than I had intended and made my way home.

During the winter of 1981-82 I hauled *Nutmeg*. The first project was to deck over the open forward compartment that had flooded. Then I cut away the forward bulkhead of the cuddy to create more usable space in the cuddy.

For a tender, I built a Bolger Tortoise.

Forward cuddy bulkhead cut away and compartment decked over.





Modified Otter II and Tortoise in 1982

That 6'+ was a wonderful tender. I could board it over the stem from deep water, not possible with most 8" prams. It routinely ferried three adults from pier to mooring.

Nutmeg's rudder and the motor prop had to be kept apart. I made a shallow "U" connecting rod that swung them together and could be easily disconnected to tilt the motor up. *Nutmeg* would go to windward with leeboard and rudder up in a foot of water, handy in our shoal waters.

The pivot bolts on the leeboard brackets wore through. Phil told me this was because I needed a rod through both brackets. I'm not sure I agree. However, reading about the Piscataqua River gundalows, I came up with a simplifying idea. The gundalow uses a single leeboard restrained from leaving the hull by a lengthwise iron rod. I made a similar retainer for *Nutmeg* from 1/4" stainless steel tubing. It worked beautifully. I never

removed the idle leeboard.

When I modified *Featherwind* to the \$200 Sailboat, I used a single fixed pivoting leeboard. As the hull is identical to Otter II, I'll bet a similar modification could be made.

Even though the boat was rather cramped for two senior citizens cruising, Eleanor and I sailed the boat for ten years with many adventures. In fact, her favorite quip was, "Every time you go out in a boat it's an adventure."

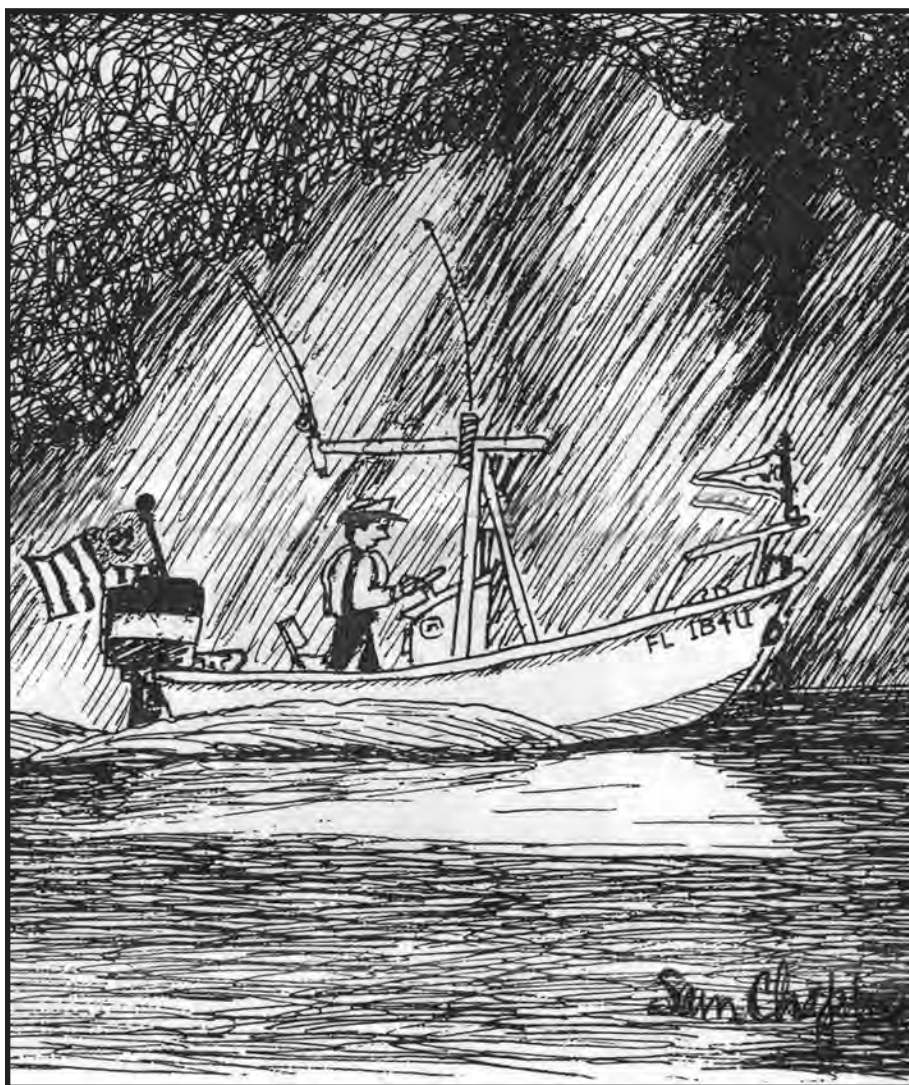
One morning in 1991 I looked out at the mooring while eating breakfast. *Nutmeg* was definitely half submerged. After I beached her, I found the shipworms had done their devilish work. Her bottom was a mass of their perfectly round tubes with their calcareous linings. They are a kind of clam that generates its shell astern as it bores into your boat. So fiberglass all hull bottoms that live in salt water.

The Six Minute Rule Helps

By Sam Chapin

When visibility is cut down in a summer storm you might want to make a quick distance traveled calculation. The "6 Minute Rule" helps. In six minutes you travel 1/10th of your boat's speed in knots or miles per hour. Easy to figure in your head in multiples of six minutes. At 15 knots you travel 1.5 nautical miles in six minutes, three nautical miles in 12 minutes, etc.

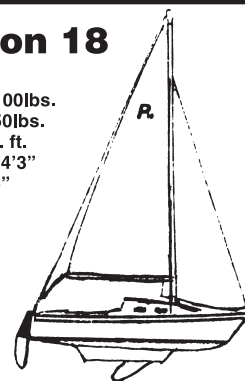
Now look for your waterproof chart. I hope you brought it along!



Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
LOA 17'5"
LWL 15'5"
Beam 7'5"

15' C.B.
16- B.K.
18' - 21' - 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE

291 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312



COMPASS ROSE REVIEW

"Views and Reviews from the Coast of Maine"

- Boats, books, waterfront life, links
- Entertaining, informative, and free

www.compassrosereview.blogspot.com

SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampan



HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS

29474 Old North River Rd.
Mt. Clemens, MI 48045
(586) 468-6456

[<hortonsailcanoe@wowway.com>](mailto:hortonsailcanoe@wowway.com)

Three of my favorite books are just an arm's length away; William Atkin's *Of Yachts and Men*, *The Compleat Cruiser* by L. Francis Herreshoff, and *Yacht Cruising*. This latter by Claud Worth is akin to the other two in that Dr. Worth tried to bring the joys of cruising to a wider and less privileged population of aspiring yachtsman. It was first published just 100 years ago. Amongst the author's tales of boats he'd loved and lost, the places he'd been, and the gear he describes, is a paragraph together with outline drawings of the Auray fisherman's dinghy. Watching these handy craft while cruising off the coast of France, Worth thought they would be "of practical interest to owners of small yachts." And so they have been to me and, fortunately, to Philip Bolger who drew the lines of a faithful reproduction, adapting the original plank on frame to modern plywood construction methods.

"For steadiness, carrying capacity, landing on a beach, or dragging over mud they would be difficult to improve upon. Any amateur carpenter could build one... the next day we saw one of these little punts being towed in a fresh breeze, it seemed to be skiing along the top of the water like a hydroplane." (From *Yacht Cruising* by Claud Worth, 3rd ed., p. 206).

Like others, I seem to be in hot pursuit of the more perfect tender. My little strip planked, round bottomed eight-footer, based on the lines of Platt Montfort's Black Fly, comes close. She tows well and I can lift her on board before crossing the Straits of Juan De Fuca or negotiating the tide rips and heavy traffic of the Tacoma Narrows. Still...

Last winter, while thumbing through an old *Yachting Monthly*, I happened upon a short article on the Auray Punt and was reminded of its unique character. It seemed that the look of the thing had lodged rather firmly in my imagination. Musing over its lines I saw its long and rakish bow lifting over a sandy beach allowing me to step ashore without getting wet feet. That rocker looked like she'd hold a good weight and I yearned to look back and see her "ski" along the top of the water like a hydroplane."

I also liked the idea of building something with a bit of history about it, something to connect me to other times and places, rather like using a rolling hitch to furl the sheet and working a Turk's Head into the top of the wheel and taking bearings with a compass. An

An Auray Punt

By Richard Smith

Auray Punt is an anachronism in these days of hypalon tenders and electronic charts but it is also a reminder that not all traditional form need be superseded to popular taste however compelling the forces for change.

I ordered a set of Bolger's plans from Dynamite Payson and built a small, stiff paper model from the developed panels shown in the drawings. It lies on the window sill next to my desk. I pick it up from time to time and run my hands over the sides and bottom, the chine and gunwale lines. I look at the purposeful flare and that lovely transom. I stroke that thin-lipped bow as I do my dog's muzzle.

The Auray Punt is 9'9" x 4'2". I used three sheets of 1/4" Meranti (British Standard 1088) plywood. Solid frames, cleats, transoms, and so forth were gotten out of scrap Alaskan yellow cedar.

I'd built a Bolger Nymph dinghy a few years ago and liked its looks and the way it went together. One of the things about the stitch (or tape) and glue method is that it can be very forgiving of the little errors known only to God and me. If I get a frame in the wrong place (which I did), I just cut it out and move it to where it should be (not quite that easy, but I did it). The epoxy fairing and paint can cover a wealth of amateur glitches. One problem that I find with the stitch and glue method, however, is that I tend to build too quickly and less carefully than when using the more traditional methods of solid chines, sheer clamps, and all. On the other hand, because the method is so forgiving, I find that I am apt to innovate or experiment a little more than I would with more traditional construction.

For example, I decided to do a little experimenting with adhesives, gluing small scraps of plywood to each other with Titebond 2 and Plastic Resin glue. After boiling each assembly for one hour they performed equally, the wood failed before the bond. I was confident that the boat would hold together even if I took her into boiling seas.

I reinforced the bottom and bow transom in way of the towing eye and added plywood knees at the stern. I extended and joined the knees at the bow to form a very short forward deck which I thought would strengthen the hull a bit and better resist the lunging, wracking, and twisting forces of towing. Otherwise, I followed the plans closely.

I laced a 1" manila line (a neighbor's gift) to the gunwale. The main thing here is to pull the lacing up tight to avoid any slight droop that would ruin the punt's fine sheer. It's worked well with others of my tenders and seems to go with the punt, another of those anachronistic details that lift a new boat out of the ordinary, making it more our own.

I made two removable sets of floorboards using some western red cedar fence boards I planed down to 1/2". I glued and nailed them to cross cleats and finished them with some leftover water-based floor varnish I'd used on our house floors. Masking out 1" strips along each plank, I poured fine sand onto the wet varnish with a salt cellar. When dried and vacuumed, I gave them two more coats of varnish.

Recently, I've been using water-based paints and varnishes on topside, inside, trim,

and anti-fouling. They're easier to use, less toxic, and quicker to dry between coats than oil-based paints. I like the semi-gloss which is more tolerant of my often flawed workmanship. They're cheaper, too.

The bottom paint takes a good scrubbing and it's easy to touch up the scrapes and scratches gotten from sliding over the sand and gravel beaches of Puget Sound. Over the years my paint seems to hold up well. There has been a lot of improvement in water-based paints in the last several years and I'd like to see some serious testing of the various brands with direct comparisons made with marme varieties.

Performance: Came the big day and we loaded the punt into the back of the pick-up and drove off to the launch ramp. The boat is just about as much as my wife and I can lift on and off the truck and carry down to the water. The added knees and reinforcing at the bow, the rope rubrail, and floorboards have added quite a bit of weight over what Bolger drew and I'm thinking of fitting some wheels to the transom as next winter's project.

We launch stern first and, inches no skeg, she floats in a couple of inches of water. She lies to her painter like a toy duck on a string, all proud and buoyant, seeming to barely touch her reflection.


I fitted the pair of oars I made between bouts of epoxifying (previously described in *MAIB*) and set off on our first trek around Apple Tree Cove. What a pleasure! The 7' oars pull her through the water effortlessly. She is extremely responsive, not to say willful, stopping and going, turning and backing with ease. With her smart rocker she moves about as easily backwards as she does forwards and I find myself rowing facing forward a lot while aimlessly gunkholing along the shores of favorite anchorages.

Without a skeg to aid in tracking, I had to concentrate a bit at first to keep her on an even course, but as the summer proceeds I'm getting used to her nimbleness and cope with it more and more easily. With my companion in the stern sheets and me up forward with the oars in the forward locks she's perfectly trim and a delight to row.

One of the punt's more appreciated features is the relatively high initial stability of the flat bottom, which is welcome after the less forgiving embarkation routine of the round-bottomed dink. We can step from the big boat or dockside onto the seat and move down to the on-center floorboards with added sureness.

Under tow, the skegless punt wanders a bit from side to side at slower speeds but tracks firmly when sailing smartly or at cruising speed under power. I've taken another look at tracking in a towed dinghy after reading the excellent letter by Ants Lepson in the August 1 issue. In a heavy tide rip, short choppy seas, or powerboat wakes her buoyancy lifts her above the tumult and she hasn't shipped a drop. It may well be, as Mr. Lepson suggests, that she doesn't stumble over a skeg and her sometimes squirrely nature may better make light of lateral forces.

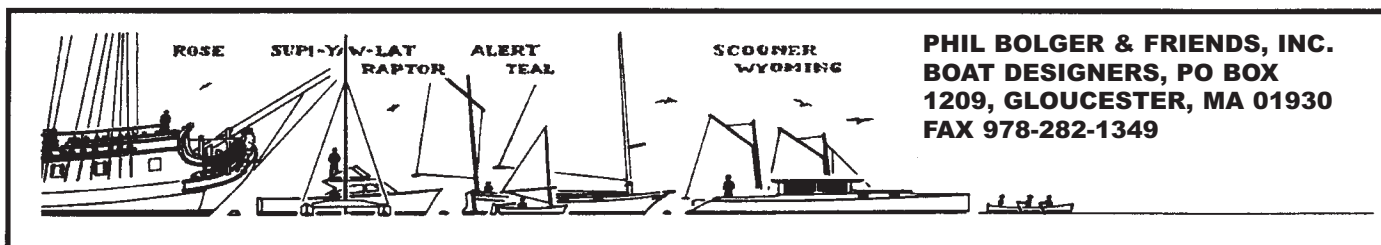
It's been a pleasure anticipating this fine little boat, building her, and rowing her throughout the summer, discovering her many fine features and crusty peculiarities. Her forthright appearance continues to grow on us, adding immeasurably to our summer cruising just as Claud Worth would have liked. My sincere thanks to Philip Bolger for a fine interpretation of this French classic.



**MYSTIC RIVER
BOATHOUSE**

ALDEN OCEAN SHELL & STAR
APPLEDORE POD
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB
BRIDGES POINT 24
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX
1209, GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349

We wrote up the genesis of this design in *MAIB* of October 1, 2000. Recently some nice photos of another boat to the design came in and we thought another spread on this lovely boat would not bore many people.

To repeat briefly, Albert Strange, a great British master of the 19th century, left some partial plans of this boat in the form of published drawings in an old book. The working plans are missing from his archive and *WoodenBoat* magazine commissioned me to make a new set so that replicas could be built. I admire Strange's work in general, and this one in particular, and I made a serious effort to do it the way he would have done it and not intrude my own ideas. That is not easy!

This rendering of the design was built by Fabian Bush of Rowhedge, Essex, England, for Dick Wynne, the Honorary Secretary of The Albert Strange Association, 71 Boveney Road, Honor Oak Park, London SE23 3NL, U.K., an international organization devoted to preserving and publishing Strange's work. We've worked with Mr. Bush before since he was recommended to us by Iain Oughtred. The photos show his nice workmanship. The sails are by Steve Hall of North Sea Sails, Tollesbury, Essex, U.K. and also look good and in keeping with the period, though the modern fabric should last longer and need less care than the cotton sails of former times.

A few small changes were made, too unobtrusive to be worth commenting on, with one exception. They added a halyard separate from the "period" roller furler and close ahead of it. Long ago I had a traumatic experience with such an arrangement when the sail was allowed to thrash, rolled the separate line into itself, and would not go in, out, up, or down, as it happened, in the middle of the Mediterranean, at night in a rising blow...

A removable bracket for a 2hp outboard motor was arranged, which stows neatly away

Bolger on Design

Albert Strange Canoe Yawl "Wenda"

Design #532
 LOA 24'9", Breadth 6'4"
 Draft Minimum 2'2", Max. 4'10"
 Displacement 3,400lbs
 (w/1,350lbs ballast)
 SA 273sf

in the counter abaft the cockpit with no sign of its existence when it's not shipped. The owner says it is "not good for much else than getting through crowded harbors. It may yet be left behind as I could use the space in the stern. I have, of course, read *The Compleat Cruiser*." That book, by L. Francis Herreshoff, is largely about the sport of cruising without engine power. It included the original concept study of the "Rozinante" design.

"Wenda" is much better than "Rozinante" for that kind of cruising on account of her shallower draft, lighter weight, and less wind resistance. The photo on the beach, and especially, the one showing her nestled in a mud berth in a snug gully, show the possibilities. And if she dries out on hard sand you'd see her standing clean and upright supported by her stout keel and her carefully matched legs. A boat like this can be rowed, as LFH describes, just enough to exploit a fair tide or to help her through a windless inlet. Patience and flexibility are the prerequisites.

The photos under sail suggest the power of the low rig of the original "Wenda's" time. It has a lot to be said for it if you don't sub-

mit to the fallacy that efficiency is measured by drive per square foot. One photo emphasizes the clean wake behind Strange's trademark canoe stern.

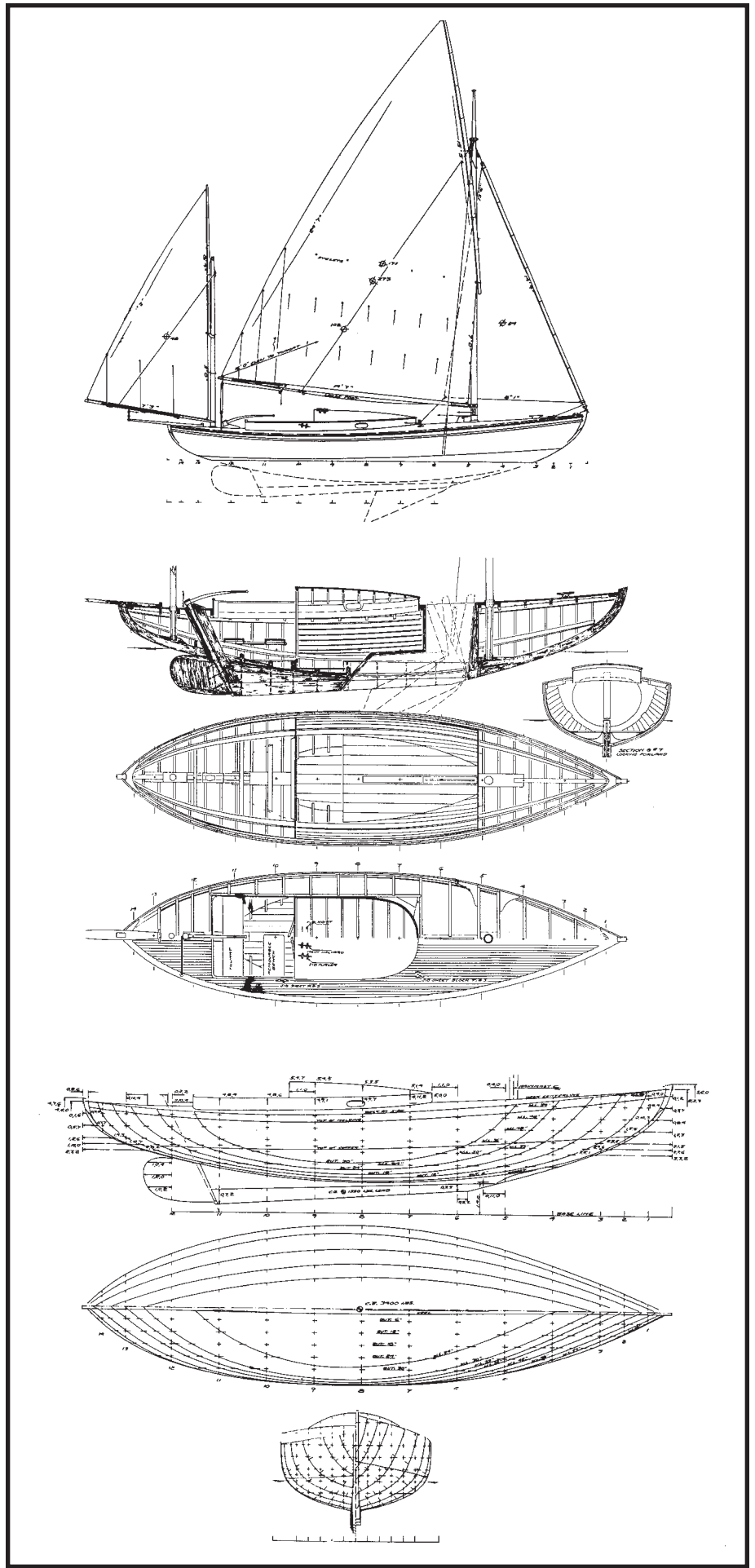
Notwithstanding my comments in the previous article about not trying to improve masterpieces, we would be very tempted to design one of our trademark Birdwatcher raised decks on this lovely hull. We may do it some time when we have a lot fewer demands on our time than we do at present! It will not be a Strange design, and some will call it a vandalism, but it will be more seaworthy (on account of the added reserve stability) and open up some pleasant and sheltered space with a view while encouraging people to place themselves nearer amidships where the boat will like it most.

The tiny cockpit of "Wenda" is a safety device, avoiding a criticism of the "Rozinante" design, its huge open cockpit which has always made me uneasy in a boat with so much ballast. But the "Wenda" cockpit leaves very little space from which the crew can enjoy sailing if the conditions are at all rough.

Quite a few plans of "Wenda" have been sold by *WoodenBoat* over the years and most are used for imaginary cruising, a very traditional, widespread, and affordable approach to the subject. Every once in a while though one has to get built, particularly if you are the Honorary Secretary of the Albert Strange Association (!) and Strange's magic can be shared with the world, up close if you live nearby, or via photos of "Wenda" perfect settings under sail and up the creek.

Plans of "Wenda" our Design #532, are available for US\$200 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, four 17"x22" drawings intended for experienced builders, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P. O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





Ah, outboard motoring. The pearly sheen of oil on water. The pall of blue-gray smoke. The choking stench of half-burned petroleum. How I love it. Well, I love it except for those parts. Fortunately, I've come across some ways to reduce the pollution associated with old two-stroke outboards.

Most of us know why we use these old motors and outboard guru Max Wawrzyniak has amassed an impressive body of work on this topic in his book, *Cheap Outboards*. I won't try to duplicate his work except to say that late 1950s through early 1970s OMC outboards are inexpensive, available, very easy to repair, and reliable when properly tended to.

The disadvantages are pollution and inefficiency.

The late Robb White thought two-stroke oil was a relatively innocuous pollutant in moderation and the big engines are a much bigger problem than little one-digit-horsepower jobs. While the latter is most certainly true, I'm not so sure about the former. Two-stroke engines cough out not only oil but also gasoline. If you've ever happened to spill any substantial amount while refueling a lawnmower, you know what I mean. Count on years of dead grass in that spot. But old Robb was no fool. He knew perfectly well that cleaner is better and encouraged me to pursue these ideas.

So it's no surprise that those of us who are too cheap or poor to use modern outboard motors get a lot of criticism from those who pony up for four-stroke power. We all know that the two-stroke motors are less efficient and pollute more. But we hear very little about what we can do about it. This is no surprise, of course, since such information doesn't sell new motors! Since I'm not involved in selling new motors, I spent a bit of time cleaning up the old one I could afford. And it is an old one indeed. This is a 1954 Johnson 5.5hp two-stroke outboard.

Baseline Emissions Testing

But something had to be done about the emissions. I ran an informal test to get a baseline and was positively revolted by the results. I ran the motor in a bucket of water. I hope you aren't eating because here is a photo after idling five minutes and running 10 minutes at ¾-throttle, all in neutral.



And this was after dumping the water and a lot of the gunk! I don't know how much ecological harm the above oil slick causes, but I thought it was just too...well...icky even without the stomach-turning smell. It made me wonder if I could clean this thing up in a meaningful way without spending too much money.

Cleaning Up Two-Stroke Outboards

By Rob Rohde-Szudy
robrohdeszudy@yahoo.com

Gaskets and Tune-up

First the obvious. The motor needs to be in good tune so it's actually vaporizing the correct amount of fuel to begin with and igniting it efficiently. Again, check out Max's book. Gaskets are a commonly neglected problem on these motors, too. I started noticing oil stains all over the motor that I had somehow overlooked before.

One example was the exhaust port cover gasket, which is hard to find for this motor. Fortunately it's easy to cut a new one from inexpensive gasket material. Others have resealed old gaskets by adding a little gasket compound to the old gasket, then tightening the screws after the compound cures.

Another commonly neglected tune-up item is crankcase compression/vacuum. Nothing works quite right if the crankcase is leaky. I made a plate to fit over the intake ports in place of the intake manifold. Two hose barbs allow me to accurately measure the pressure and vacuum in each crankcase. If the readings are very different, new seals are in order. Good thing mine were OK, it's a relatively major job to get to them.

Now on to some modifications.

Crankcase Bleeders

This modification is relatively easy. In a two-stroke engine the fuel/oil/air mist is drawn through the crankcase. Some of the oil condenses on the relatively cool crankcase walls and runs down to the bottom. If you leave it in there it will be blown out whenever it builds up too much or when you open the throttle further (increasing air flow). This small reservoir of uncontrolled fuel will cause uneven operation and fouled plugs.

So the engineers put in drains to get that oil out of the crankcases. These bleed the oil through check valves so the crankcase doesn't lose any vacuum. On each compression stroke it blows a little oil through a small reed valve, then the reed valve closes to avoid "diluting" the vacuum or sucking the oil back in.

This is what it looks like:

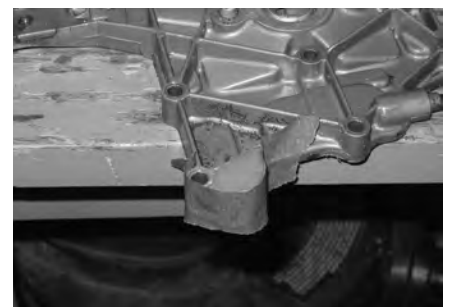


The small reed valves on the lower left side of the gasket mating surface are the bleeders. Here's the side view:



The top two arrows point to the channels that drain oil from the bottom of each crankcase. These go through the upper and lower sides of the check valve assembly. The lower arrow points to the outlet channel which runs to the base of the powerhead. There the wasted oil is discharged into the spent cooling water. That's right, it just spits the oil into the water. These motors were designed in a very different time. Clearly it would be good if we could clean this up!

Fortunately it's easy to do. First, we need a way to add a hose barb to the manifold. Unfortunately there isn't enough metal to tap into. JB Weld to the rescue! A Dremel or similar tool is by far the quickest way to take the paint off this area. You were looking for an excuse to buy one anyway and it will help you with those fantasies of being a dentist. Once the paint is off, wash with a degreaser. I use Spic-N-Span. Rinse and dry, obviously. A final cleaning with acetone is not a bad idea when using epoxy. Then add a little "dam" of masking tape. This holds the JB Weld in place while it cures.



We will need an 1/2" hole for a 1/8" pipe thread. But just in case, drill a pilot hole first. Do this from the inside and center punch before drilling. You don't want any unpleasant surprises, like your hole overlaps the gasket mating surface. My hole didn't leave quite as much metal as I would have liked so I added more JB Weld with another little masking tape dam.

While you are mixing the JB Weld you may as well plug the bleeder drain. (Mr. Wawrzyniak would say to use hard-setting

gasket sealant in case you ever want to reverse the process. But I don't think it's much harder to drill JB Weld. And I can't think why I would want to go back to spitting oil into the lake.) Degrease the metal and put a small dab in the hole. Flatten it under a piece of masking tape and let it cure. When cured, very carefully file it flush with the rest of the surface. Try not to even scrape the casting with the file. You may need to lap the entire surface with a piece of plate glass and Crocus cloth or #00 Emery. Just make sure that your modification doesn't prevent the gasket from sealing, and even more important, that you don't cut away too much of the gasket mating surface!

When all looks well, we enlarge our hole to $\frac{1}{32}$ " and paint. I used Rustoleum spray primer and enamel. When it dries we can cut threads. Watch carefully so your threading doesn't cut into the gasket mating surface. Pipe thread is tapered so you have to start from the outside and the hole gets wider as you cut deeper. Remember to keep firm pressure on the tap as you're starting it, or your first couple threads will get stripped.

If your engine really doesn't have space for $\frac{1}{8}$ " pipe threading you could always center bore a #10-32 or even $\frac{1}{4}$ -20 screw and use it as a hose barb. It is very tedious to end-bore a screw since you have to stop and add oil often to prevent the tiny drill overheating. It might also be possible to JB Weld on a hose barb, but I think a hole tapped at least partly in metal will resist vibration better. This may be superstition. If you do make a threaded hole, use the yellow Teflon tape, the white stuff isn't meant to resist petroleum.

After putting the engine back together I clamped a couple feet of hose to my excuse for a hose barb. This line leads to a catch jar made from an empty pill bottle. I used a green veterinary pill bottle so it would match the engine. Such vanity.

First I bored the lid to tightly fit two hose barbs. One is double-ended. Once these were fitted I clamped them in a vice and added JB Weld to lock them in place. (I don't own stock in JB Weld or anything, by the way, I just find it very convenient.) Then I added hoses. The inlet is the double barb. Inside the bottle we add a short section of hose to make sure the waste fuel ends up in the bottom. The other barb is the vent. Its hose is zip-tied into an inverted "U" shape to keep water from easily splashing into the bottle.

We still need to mount the bottle somewhere. It would be slick to mount it to the leg of the motor but I went with a simpler solution. It hangs by its hose. But if you mount it so it tilts with the motor, be sure the vent faces aft so you don't dump the oil when you tilt the motor up!

No matter how it is mounted, any oil collected in this jar correlates exactly with pollution you prevented. Over a one-hour run I burned less than a half-gallon of fuel, but collected about 20 ml out the bleeders. This may not seem like a lot, but remember this is only one hour. It amounts to maybe a half cup over six hours of running. How much would this amount to over an entire season? With a bigger motor? In any case, it makes me feel a lot better about using a two-stroke and it cost hardly anything to implement.

Some people will be thinking of piping this fuel back to the tank. I wouldn't. It seems to take on a little water in the crankcase and this makes the oil precipitate far too readily. Dispose of it with your waste oil.

Exhaust Modifications

If you start looking into ways of minimizing pollution and increasing efficiency in two-stroke motors, you might hear about exhaust modifications. While these methods can achieve very impressive things, they are not practical for a two-cylinder outboard. To explain why, let's have a look at how they work.

The back pressure of the exhaust system is an important regulating factor in a two-stroke engine. Let's say that the exhaust back pressure is such that at 1,500 rpm we reach a condition where there is no exhaust left behind in the chamber or unburned mixture expelled into the exhaust. In reality this is impossible, so if you want to be picky let's say it's where the two are equal. At lower rpm there is less exhaust volume. But the exhaust system is the same size so it exhibits less resistance and thus produces less back pressure. Less back pressure means more unburned mixture slips through the chamber.

Conversely, at high rpm the back pressure is increased due to a lot more exhaust trying to get through the same pipes. This increased back pressure means some exhaust is remaining in the chamber on every stroke, the engine is unable to take a complete breath of fresh mixture, and the piston gets heated up by the exhaust gasses.

Neither situation is ideal and you see why exhaust back pressure is an important in a two-stroke motor.

Optimum Balance? What if we could vary the back pressure to minimize unburned mixture slipping through at all speeds? Maybe so just a little bit of exhaust gas is retained on each stroke. How would we do this? Maybe a valve in the exhaust system?

In fact, that is precisely what is done in many dirt bikes. They call it a "power valve." Though some of these power valves are much more complicated, the simple ones are like a chimney damper right next to the exhaust port. They close to restrict the exhaust flow at low rpms. With the giant exhaust ports on racing bikes, this reduces fuel consumption and increases low-end power, as if the engine had a smaller exhaust port. There is an rpm where the valve has no effect, which the bike people call the "crossover point." Above this the valve opens and the big exhaust ports allow lots of power at high end rpms.

But there are problems with mounting these near the exhaust port. Obviously it would be mechanically tricky to retrofit to an engine not designed for it. Perhaps more troublesome is that one has to clean off the carbon deposits about every 10 hours. This is fine for racers, but none of us will want to bother. Unfortunately, it has to be right at the port to work.

Designing the right amount of resistance is highly critical, too. Most two-stroke outboards have an exhaust outlet above the waterline somewhere. They have to. At low rpms a two-stroke can't pump the exhaust down into the water far enough to get out the main exhaust! Block the upper exhaust and it kills the engine.

If you think about how the two-stroke works, this makes sense. A four-stroke engine uses an entire stroke of the piston to push the exhaust out. That can move some water. But a two-stroke has no dedicated exhaust stroke. The only thing pushing the exhaust is the crankcase compression. This isn't too big to begin with and some of it is used to pump fuel and spit waste fuel out the bleeders. Some also leaks through the seals

and reed valves. This is not a whole lot of force pushing the exhaust and it takes very little resistance to completely overcome it and stall the engine, unless the back pressure comes at just the right time.

Exhaust tuning: Racing exhaust systems are designed with "tuned exhaust." The idea here is that the system resonates at a frequency compatible with the engine's rpm. A standing pressure wave is formed in the tuned exhaust system. A vacuum pulls the hot gasses out just as the exhaust port opens and the wave peaks at just the right time to provide a lot of back pressure right before the exhaust valve closes. This increases the compression ratio of the engine, effectively supercharging it. It also pushes unburned fuel back into the chamber at just the right time.

But since this has to do with the resonant frequency of the system, it only works well within a narrow rpm range. You have to figure the frequency of the "exhaust note" at the target rpm, then design the exhaust to resonate at that note. Like designing an organ pipe. Say our cruising speed is at 2,000 rpm. Divide by 60 to get the tone in cycles per second Hertz (Hz). 33 Hz is a fairly low note, about an octave below the 60-cycle hum we've all heard from mains noise we've heard interfering with AM radio broadcasts. Or about two octaves below the 120 Hz noise made by fluorescent light fixtures. 1,800 rpms would yield 30 Hz and 2,200 rpms would yield about 36 Hz. And then you have to adjust it so the right part of the wave is hitting the port at the right time! This is high precision stuff.

But doesn't this "resonance" mean we're amplifying exhaust noise? Absolutely! Just like a saxophone amplifying the reed through resonance. Ever notice how noisy the little hot-rodged "rice rocket" cars are when "the pipes come on line?" Those tuned exhausts can boost performance, but at the cost of noise. I have read that it's possible to set up the pipes to be quiet, but it gets far more complicated from there with expansion chambers that have lots of highly critical dimensions.


I have a feeling it takes plenty of trial and error to get these systems right. And money! \$250 and up for common motorcycle pipes, and I'm assuming much more for the custom job we'd need. This wasn't worth it to me to have acceptable performance in one narrow rpm band. I could imagine the trial-and-error expanding to where it cost much more than a used four-stroke. That's a worthwhile trade for a racer, where power:weight ratio counts for a lot. But it's not a good deal at all in any other situation. The deal-breaker is how hard it would be to implement this on a two-cylinder engine that wasn't built for separate exhausts on each cylinder.

If you're really interested, I found a good discussion of the topic at <http://www.motorcycle.com/mo/mcnuts/em-pipes.html>, and an excellent animation of the standing wave at <http://vespamaintenance.com/engine/primer/index.html> and with explanation at http://www.southernskies.net/page_info/runningtwostrokeengine.html. There's even a discussion specific to personal watercraft at <http://www.hpt-sport.com/tunedpip.htm>.

Next time we'll look at using cleaner fuels to further reduce these emissions. A version of this article with less text and more photos can be found at <http://www.duckworks-magazine.com/06/columns/rob/maib1.htm>.

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats

Gloucester Gull Rowing Dories, Kayaks & Other Small Boats

Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@verizon.net
Spruce Head, ME 04859



REDD'S POND BOATWORKS

Thad Danielson
1 Norman Street
Marblehead, MA 01945
thaddanielson@comcast.net 781-631-3443 888-686-3443
Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs
Traditional Construction and Materials

R. K. Payne Boats
<http://homepage.mac.com/rkpayneboats>
PH 812.988.0437

36 Foot Melon Seed Skiff

Res. B. Kathie Payne
3424 SR 135 North
Nashville, TN 47448



Builders & Restorers

Reproduction of Charles Lawton 10' Yacht Tender

Cedar on Oak
Designed by Charles Lawton of
Marblehead, MA, ca 1980. Built:
C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997



C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543
email: woodboats@msn.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

(607) 547-2658


Tom Krieg's Boat Shop
(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

AREY'S POND

Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951


**Proud Builders of
Arey's Pond Catboats**



14' "CAT"
12' Kitten - 16' Lynx
20' Cruising Cat

Traditional elegance with a fiberglass hull, team trim & floorboards, all fittings solid bronze sitka spruce spars

Box 222, 43 Arey's Ln., (Off Rt. 28)
So. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
<http://www.by-the-sea.com/areyspondboatyard>

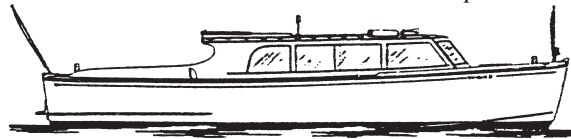


Robb White & Sons, Inc.

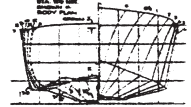
Custom Small Boats
Forty Years

P.O. Box 561
Thomasville, GA 31799

Hadden Boat Company
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



34' W. Atkin tunnel stern
Sea Bright Skiff



11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548 (207) 371-2662



Build a Boat and Save!

Proven Plans & Kits make it simple to Build your own Boat. Experience the pride of saying, "I built it myself."

Send \$9.95 for Huge Catalog, refundable with order. View our online catalog today:

www.Glen-L.com

Glen-L Marine Designs
Box 1804/AM66
Bellflower, CA 90707
562-630-6258



Designs by Platt Monfort

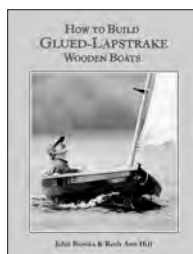
STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95
NOW ON DVD ALSO

Monfort Associates
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504



<gaboats.com>



How to Build Glued-Lapstrake Wooden Boats

by John Brooks and Ruth Ann Hill

You'll understand just what you need to do, to build a terrific boat. A boat that is lightweight, forever appealing to the eye, a boat that doesn't

leak and doesn't require much upkeep.

288 pgs., hardcover
\$39.95 + \$5.50 shipping (US)
The WoodenBoat Store, PO Box 78
Naskeag Rd, Brooklin ME 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447



Plans & Kits



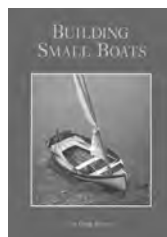
It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
Apt. M, 824 Thompson St.
Glastonbury, CT 06033
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>



Building Small Boats

by Greg Rossell

Traditional lapstrake and plank-on-frame construction methods are featured in this thorough yet reader-friendly book.

278 pgs., hardcover
\$39.95 + \$5.50 postage
The WoodenBoat Store
P.O. Box 78
Brooklin, ME 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
Call toll free 1-800-273-7447



WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun to build from inexpensive materials, and her performance will delight you. Innovative foam core deck and ample flotation make her extra safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children if they can get her away from dad. Truly a breakthrough in small boat design. Hit of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting. Plans with full size station patterns and detailed instructions, \$36. SASE for more info.

GRAND MESA BOATWORKS
15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624-9778

My Wooden Boat!...On-Line Forum...Calendar of Events ... School Courses...Books... Boat Plans...and more!



www.woodenboat.com

Two Boats You Can Build For Electric Power



16' Sharpie Easy to Build, Fun to Use

We have a complete set of plans available for this terrific sharpie that was featured in the March/April 1999 issue of *Boatbuilder* magazine. It is 16' long and can be built from four sheets of plywood and some 1x2 pine. A few weekends will have it ready to go into the water. This boat can be built easily by someone with a moderate skill level and some basic tools. Plans \$35 (MI residents add 6% sales tax).



15'4" Smoothie

Building this boat requires a moderate skill level and more time than the Sharpie but is well worth the effort. Plans \$50 (MI residents add 6% sales tax).

Brothers Boatworks LLC
Custom Electric Boats
Yacht Tenders, Plans

26980 Lake Dr., Lawton, MI 49065
(269) 624-7173
brothers-boatworks.com

SWIFTY 12



A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$1175. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$23, VHS or DVD.



SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645
www.shellboats

WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

DUCKWORKS

BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service

www.duckworksbbbs.com



ATKIN

NEWLY EXPANDED Atkin illustrated catalog. Containing more than 300 Atkin designs and new text. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and houseboats. \$15.00 U.S. and Canada (post paid) and \$22.00 U.S. overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN DESIGNS

P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820
apatkin@aol.com
www.atkinboatplans.com



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have developed a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous type within the reach of home builders with a minimum investment in time and money.

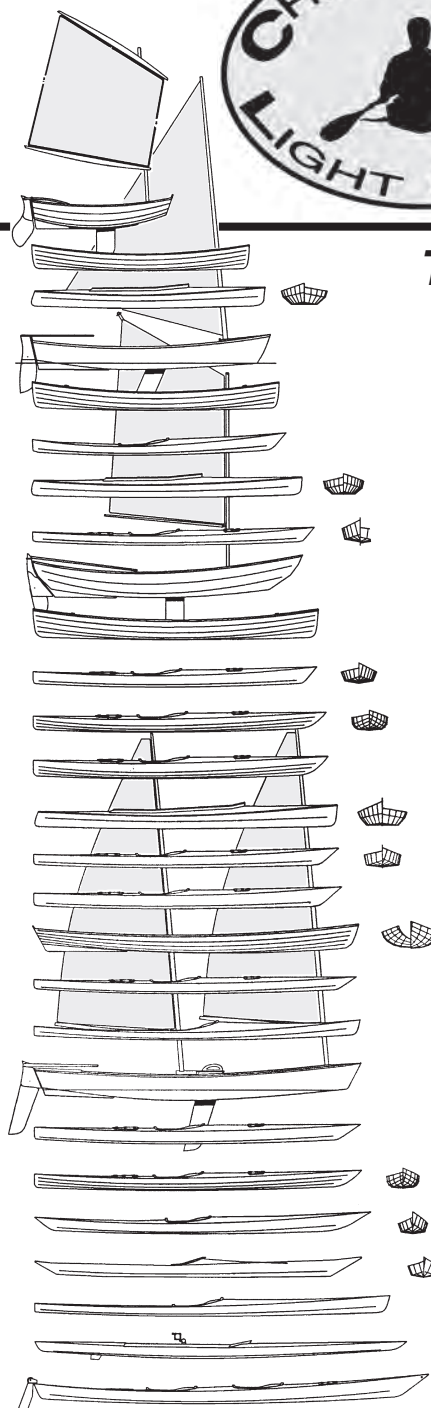
PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5

BOOKS: ☐ *Instant Boats*, \$16 ☐ *Build the New Instant Boats*, \$19.95 ☐ *How to Build Your Own Boat*, \$20 ☐ *Build the Instant Catboat*, \$12.95 ☐ *How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory*, \$7.95 ☐ *Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing*, \$7.95 ☐ *Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson*, \$19.95 ☐ *Bolger's 103 Small Boat Rigs*, \$28.95 ☐ *Boat Modeling the Easy Way*, \$19.95 Add \$1 S&H

Name
 Street
 City State Zip

Harold H. Payson & Co.

Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858
 207-594-7587



***The Best
Boats
You Can
Build.***

**For a free catalog of boat kits, plans, and
boatbuilding materials, contact:**

Chesapeake Light Craft

1805 George Ave. Annapolis, MD 21401

410 267 0137

info@clcboats.com

www.clcboats.com

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

1/2", 1 1/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

Ph: (888) 564-1020
Fax: (207) 564-3667
Web: www.woodencanoes.com

Supplies

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.com

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

Pure half hard hand drawn copper made on old Atlas company machines.
3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"
11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"

For sample packet & information send \$3

To order call 603-433-1114 or write

STRAWBERRY BANK MUSEUM

P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.

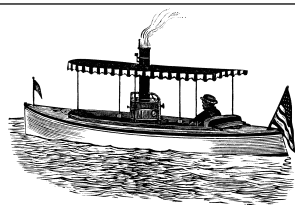
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.

New supply ready to ship.

Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721



Boaters' Cards and Stationery

Business card size with a wood engraving of your boat printed on the front. Your contact info on the back.

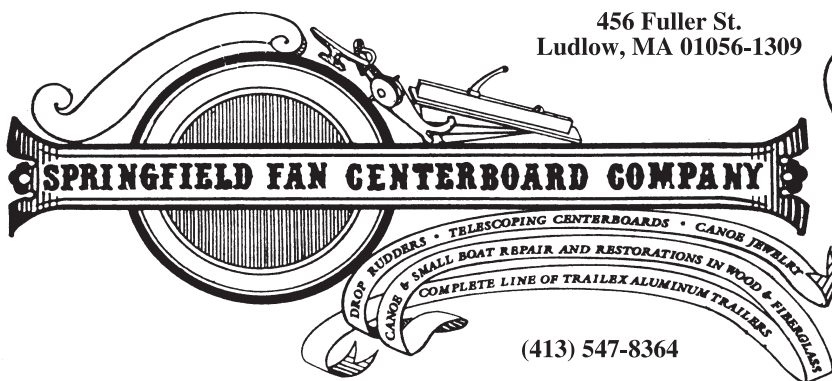
See web page - www.ironworksgraphics.com/iwgstationery.html

Drawing/Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift! - \$150

See web page - www.ironworksgraphics.com/boatdrawings.html

L.S. Baldwin Box 884 Killingworth, CT 06419



456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309

(413) 547-8364



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA Marine

3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571
Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070
www.raka.com

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

17 White Birch Lane
York, ME 03909
(207) 363-7426
(800) 899-1664
Fax (207) 363-8650
M-F 7am-5pm



4 Warren Ave.
Westbrook, ME 04902
(207) 856-6015
(877) 408-4751
Fax (207) 856-6971
M-F 7:30am-4:30pm
Saturday 8am-12pm

HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER •
HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF •
MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD •
SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER •
HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING

We Deliver
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

www.maine coastlumber.com
email: info@mainecoastlumber.com



Small-Craft & Cruising Sails

Bermudan, gaff, gunter, lug, sprit, etc.
for skiffs or schooners

Aerodynamic designs in
white, cream, tanbark and
Oceanus

Photos, quotes at
www.dabblersails.com

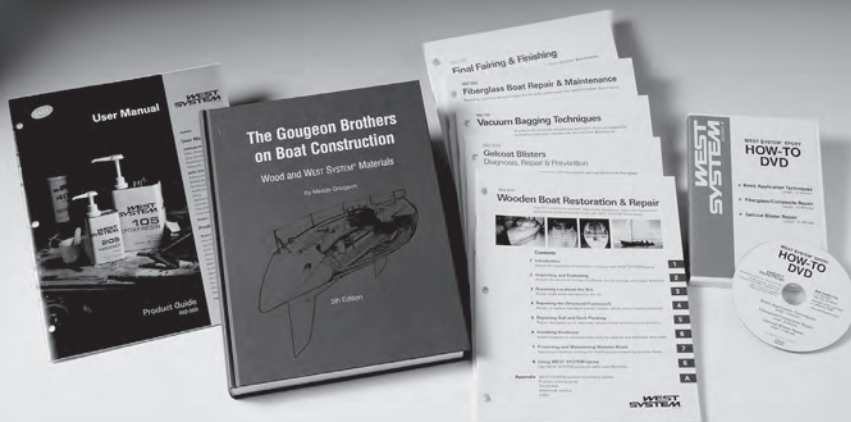
e-mail - dab@crosslink.net
ph/fax 804-580-8723
or write us at PO Box 235
Wicomico Church, VA 22579



Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop

treat yourself to knowledge

epoxy instructions from the original Glues Brothers



User Manual & Product Guide

If you know nothing about epoxy, start here. Easy-to-follow guide provides basic information on using WEST SYSTEM products. Covers safety, surface preparation, bonding, coating, fairing, applying fiberglass cloth and more. Softcover.

The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Construction, 5th Edition
Thirty-five years of boatbuilding innovation and experience are detailed in the 5th Edition of this classic on Wood and WEST SYSTEM Materials. This newly revised, expanded and updated edition includes discussions on the fundamentals of wood/epoxy composite construction, core boatbuilding techniques, hull construction methods, and an extensive chapter on hardware bonding. Hardcover, 406 pages.

Repair Manuals

Final Fairing & Finishing, Fiberglass Boat Repair & Maintenance, Vacuum Bagging Techniques, Gelcoat Blisters, and Wooden Boat Restoration & Repair. These manuals guide you through a variety of professional level repairs, renovations, and construction techniques. Softcover.

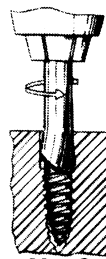
NEW

WEST SYSTEM Epoxy How-To DVD
A compilation of our three instructional videos demonstrating basic handling and advanced epoxy repair techniques for fiberglass boats. Topics covered include Basic Application Techniques, Fiberglass Repair with WEST SYSTEM, and Gelcoat Blister repair. DVD 59 minutes.

Available at your local WEST SYSTEM Dealer,
WestSystem.Info, or call us toll free at 866-937-8797

West System Inc., PO Box 665, Bay City, MI 48707-0665
WestSystem.com

UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors



Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.

T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt.-15 gal. units
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$197.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

- **REICHOLD** Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- **NESTE** GelCoats
- SikaFlex Urethane Sealants
- Gloucester Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- 2 part Urethane Pour Foam



Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood Flour Pigments • Milled & Chop Fibers • Squeegees Syringes • Brushes • Rollers • Paper Pots • Gloves Coveralls • And More

LOW PRICES ON: Silicon Bronze Wood Screws Nails & Stainless Fasteners

Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS, HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399, E. Longmeadow, MA 01028
Fax (413) 736-3182 - www.mertons.com

Free Catalog! **800-333-0314**

PolySail International

WHITE POLYTARP SAILS & SAIL KITS

22 SUNBLEST COURT
FISHERS, IN 46038-1175
PH: 317-915-1454
EMAIL: POLYSAIL@AOL.COM
WEB SITE: WWW.POLYSAIL.COM

Quality Cedar Strips MAS Epoxy Supplies • Tools



CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS

the **NEWFOUND
WOODWORKS inc.**

603-744-6872
www.newfound.com



Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704
Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029

Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE



Whisp, 15'7"x3'6" skiff from Redmond's plans. Hull of overlapping plywood strakes. Gunnels & seat frames of ash. Cane seats. Oars, sail & lee-board. Admired at '04 Appalachian Boat Show but no award. Kept indoors. \$4,500.
ED HEBB, Marianna, FL, (850) 482-2612 (11)



12' San Francisco Pelican, plywood, flat bottomed, built '78. In garage for 6 yrs. Standing lug rig w/jib. 2hp 4-stroke Honda long shaft w/vy few hrs. Trlr nds work, new trlr would be best. 8' pram w/7' oars incl. Ideal for Cape Cod harbors. \$2,500 obo.
CHRIS WORTHINGTON, E. Weymouth, MA, (781) 335-1023 (11)



Catspaw Dinghy, designer Herreshoff & White, custom built '92 by Greg LaSchum to plans from WoodenBoat. Cedar & mahogany over white oak frames, finished bright. Incl 2 pr custom oars, compl spritsail rig, custom canvas cover, custom trlr. Exc cond. Appraised at \$6,900, copy available on request. This lovely boat must find a new home. Make offer.
KRISTIN ANDERSON, Apalachicola, FL, (850) 653-2249, kristin@kristinworks.com (10)

Siren 17 Weekender, sleeps 2, gd for larger lakes & small ocean bays, exc trlr, 3hp ob, can deliver for fee. 15' DUO Trihull, gd trlr. \$200. FG Solo Canoe. \$100.
BILL WEYMOUTH, Palermo, ME, (207) 993-2829 (10)

'99 Menger 19' Catboat, 8hp 4-stroke Honda. Fully equipped: Masthead VHF, fixed head & holding tank, tabernacle mast, cruising package. \$20,000.
ELLIOT WILCOX, Guilford, CT. (203) 488-2192, stonehorse23@aol.com (10)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to officesupport@comcast.net. No telephone ads please.



17' Rangeley Lapstrake Guideboat, cedar plank-ing, built Rangeley, ME by S.A. Collins & Son, ca '40. Vy sound cond w/oars. Beautiful! \$1,980, offers.
CHARLES SMITH, Cambridge, MA, (617) 354-3471 (11)



Victoria 26, '82/'83, the last Victoria built by McVey Yachts Florida operation. Only 23 made. Always been in fresh water. Loaded w/teak & mahogany. OR rated inside & out. Wheel steering, outside dinette table. 30" draft + cb. Slps 4. All cushions newly reupholstered. Cruised the Great Lakes 2 wks/year. Full complement of sails & spinnaker in fine shape. Original OMC Saildrive completely rebuilt '02. Nds some TLC. W/good trlr. Easy to launch. Must sell due to poor health. A real classic, easily the prettiest boat in the anchorage! Asking \$12,900, let's talk..
JANE LEICHTER, Wrightsville, PA, (717) 4682624 for info (11)

'85 Seapearl 21, rare cb model by Marine Concepts. Legal galv trlr. '03 3-1/2hp Tohatsu 2 stroke w/neutral. Tanbark sails w/white UV resistant sunband made for me by Moorehouse Sailmakers, 1/'03. Rotating goosenecks. 8lb. Danforth type anchor. Fire extinguisher. Compass. Tanbark forward cockpit cover. Silver tarp winter cover w/PVC ridgepole & supports. Bought another boat & the Admiral orders fleet reduction. Asking \$5,200. Delivery? Well, if you're serious, delivery is possible. Let's talk!
BOB ERRICO, Manahawkin, NJ, (609) 978-0012 lve message, rerrico@comcast.net (10)



8'7" Compass Harbor Pram, designed by John Brooks & built spring '06 using 6mm marine plywood & WEST System™ epoxy. 4 strake white painted hull w/buff interior. \$850
L. DOW, Eliot, ME, (207) 439-8488, sailse32@aol.com (10)



16' Sloop, American Fiberglass Corporation Model A16. Low mileage. Gd main & jib, aluminum spars. Steel cb, plywood kick-up rudder, exc trlr. FG is sound, nds new plywood hatch covers in the cuddy, some lines, & the usual cleanup and TLC. Best offer.
EVERETT BURGER, New City, NY, (845) 634-9586 (10)



'84 West Wight Potter 15, fresh water boat. Vy nice oyster white gel coat. Sails just gone over by Harrstick Sailmakers. Teak re-sanded and oiled. Vy nice interior cushions. 6" board up draft. '84 painted tilt trlr has vy nice tires, bearing buddies & almost new spare. Suzuki 2hp DT-2 motor (100-1) shows vy little use. Original boat owners' manual & instruction booklet. Spare rudder. Tows like a dream. \$3,950.
DAN BOLBROCK, Rochester, NY, (585) 392-9363 (10)



18' Woodstrip Sea Kayak, known as "Outer Island." Vy elegant design w/VCP hatches, adjustable skeg & day hatch. Built by prof woodworker. Prizewinner at Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival. Paddles superbly & is in exc shape. Musculoskeletal problem causing sale. Currently stored in SW Florida. Full or partial East Coast delivery may be possible. \$2,300
TERRY CLEMENTS, Bokeelia, FL, (239) 283-4946 (10)



ComPac 19, '84. Best mini-cruiser on the water. Safe, stable, seaworthy & salty. 19' LOA, 7' beam, 2' shoal draft, fixed keel, no leaky centerboard, no leaks at all! Slps 4, porta-potti, 4 bronze opening ports & fore hatch, galley w/manual pressure water & sink. VHF radio with masthead antenna, bulk-head mounted compass & clinometer, Air Force main w/2 sets reef points '02, main halyard led back to cockpit, CD 130% roller furling jib, set & strike sails from safety of the cockpit. Hutch trlr, new '05, lights and wiring, professionally built extendable trlr tongue for easy launching & retrieving, 6hp Johnson Sailmaster '97 w/generator, always professionally maintained. Starts quickly & easily. Bow and stern pulpits, lifelines, boarding ladder, Fortress anchor, new battery '05, cockpit cushions, lots of spares & more. Great cond. Turnkey boat. Sail it next weekend or grease up the bearings & drive it away. You varnish the woodwork, that's all! \$6,000. In the water in Yarmouth, ME.

JONATHAN CONS, Porter, ME, (207) 625-4695, joncons@psouth.net (11)

Compac 19, reduced to \$3,000. Don't miss this bargain.

FERNALD'S, 291 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (10)

20' McVay Minuet, '72 fg keel day sailer sloop #210. Main, 2 jibs, spinnaker, dinghy, Seagull ob, compass, anchor & rode. \$2,500.

RICHARD F. WEEKS, Sedgwick ME, (207) 359-8457, rweeks@lincoln.midcoast.com (10)

Charlotte Lapstrake Canoe, 11'6", 25lbs, Shaw & Tenney double paddle. Bought at Newport Boat Show by original owner. Built by Tom Hill of New England & author of Ultra Light Boat Building. Both in new cond, just not getting used. Price reduced to \$1,600 for good home. To build \$3,500. Located nr St. Augustine, FL

ANTHONY FIORE, Palm Coast, FL, (386) 444-5519, tntfiore@cfl.rr.com (11)

Cape Dory 14 Day Sailer, '84. Exc cond, blue canvas cover, stored in shed. White fg hull, bright-work teak rails & seat, orig blue inside. Alum spars, gunter rig, cb, rudder, new Triton Lite alum trlr. 2 7.5' Caviness FeatherBrand oars. Also available: MinnKota Turbo-35 27lb thrust elec motor, 12v battery. \$3,500. Hurricane Aquasport Santee Kayak, 10', 30lb red deck, white hull. \$425. Kevlar River Kayak, 14', 25lb, clear. \$750. Boats located in Beaufort, NC.

SUSAN SCHMIDT, Beaufort, NC, (252) 728-4240, susu@barney.starfishnet.com (11)

15' Cedar Strip Canoe, real nice. 34" beam, 50lbs, w/cedar ribs, mahogany rails, caved carrying yoke, rawhide seats. Hull ext finished clear w/6oz cloth & MAS epoxy resin. Too many canoes, got to move one before starting the next. ART BRUNT, Wolfeboro, NH, (603) 569-4948 (10)

Dovekie, #96, Rumpus. '84 hull. tanbark Harding Sail, new '04; hard hatch covers plus 2 sets of canvas (Harding back porch); birch spars, bow cb, E&D motor mount, Nissan 3.5 hp longshaft; Cox trlr (tires new '05) plus 2 spare tire/wheels. \$4,500. ALFRED B. HASKELL, Tryon, NC, (828) 859-3167, ahaskell@alltel.net (10)

23' Cape Cod Marlin, classic fg daysailer by Cape Cod Shipbuilding. Herreshoff design, huge cockpit, recent North sails, Schaefer jib furler, boom tent, ob on bracket. Asking \$5,000. 16' Pulling Boat, modified dory type, fg, fixed seat. Lean & fast. Asking \$400 or trade for kayak or dinghy. LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538 (11)

BOATS WANTED

Sailing Peapod, 15' or not much more, w/small ib motor such as 2hp Briggs & Stratton.

HENRY MCKEAN, (718) 624-2388 (11P)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Grumman Lateen/Gunter Sail Rig, for canoe/skiff. Mahogany leeboards, alum spars/rudder, crisp sail. As new \$300.

BILL WEYMOUTH, Palermo, ME, (207) 993-2829 (10)

GEAR FOR SALE



Forward Facing Rowing, with a sliding seat in your canoe.

EZ-ROW INC., P.O. Box 275, Taylors Falls, MN 55084-0275, (651) 465-6608, www.ez-row.com (907P)

50hp Merc, for parts \$75. 13' Canoe Mold, nice. \$100.

BILL WEYMOUTH, Palermo, ME, (207) 993-2829 (10)



New! The Poop Deck Crew T-Shirt, profits from the sale of this T-Shirt support the SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in the US & Canada. Show your support for these gentle giants when you wear your Poop Deck Shirt featuring a Newf Dog and his canine mates including a German Shepherd, Springer Spaniel, English Bulldog, Poodle, Golden Retriever—even a Chihuahua! 100% heavyweight US made blue cotton Tee. Large imprint on front. Sizes M-XL \$17, XXL \$19. S&H \$4.75 on all orders. Send MO or Check.

A. BRIDGE, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, Tel (207) 442-7237 Email <norsman@care2.com>, Web www.norsgear.com(TFP)

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration

from *The Wind in the Willows*

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the World. T-shirt \$18.00, Long Sleeve T \$23.00, Sweatshirt \$30, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$25, add \$1 for each additional \$25. THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 8372, Silver Spring, MD 20907, Toll free (877) 637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Back Issues of MAIB, at least 10 yrs. Also issues of *WoodenBoat* (more than 10 years) and some *Small Boat Journals*. A few issues of each may be missing. You pay shipping and packaging costs or better, pick up in Freedom NH (40 miles W of Portland ME.)

SCOTT CUNNINGHAM, Freedom, NH, (917) 374-0946, scottcfreedom@aol.com (11)

Peter H. Spectre's Compass Rose Review, updated periodically. Read it at www.compass-rosereview.blogspot.com.

PETER SPECTRE, Spruce Head, ME (14P)

Used Nautical Books, fiction/nonfiction. Some rare, out-of-print. Free list.

THE PONDS BOOK SHOP, 8522 Lawrence 2082, Mt. Vernon, MO 65712, (417) 466-0229, theponds@mo-net.com (10P)



Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions \$55. SASE for more info: ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, PO Box 256, West Mystic CT 06388 (19P)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55". "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA44, 9152 Rose-crans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

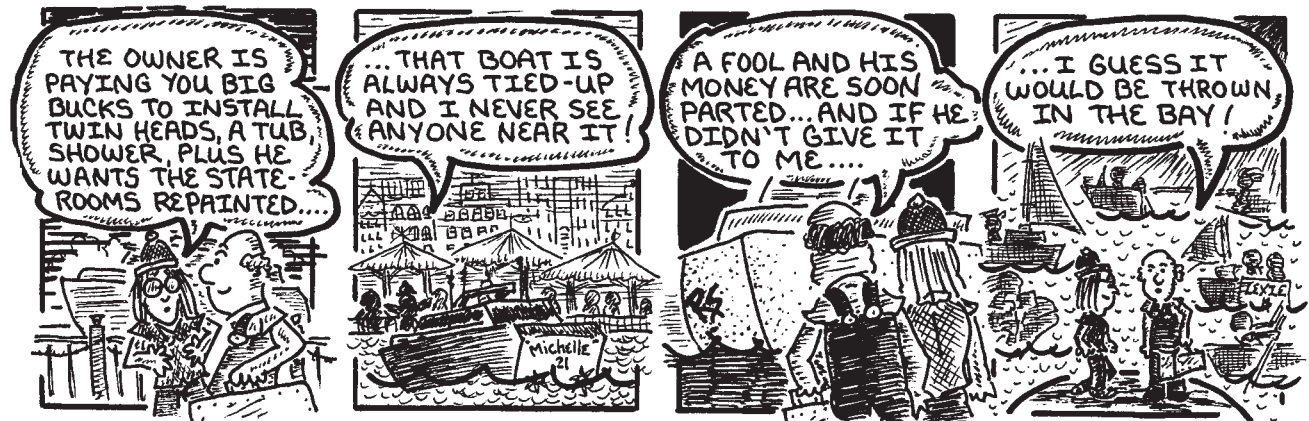
Robb White & Sons Sport Boat, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.

ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)



Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers
Down at Hokum Marine



ADIRONDACK GUIDE BOAT

PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445 (802) 425-3926

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

June 16-18 Chesapeake Bay Antique & Classic, St Michaels, MD *

June 17-18 No-Octane Regatta,
Blue Mountain Lake, NY

June 24-25 Rhinebeck Craftshow,
Rhinebeck NY

July 8-9 Corn Hill Arts Festival, Rochester, NY

July 28-30 Finger Lakes Antique & Classic
Skaneateles NY *

Aug 4-6 Antique & Classic Boat Museum,
Clayton, NY *

Aug 11-13 Maine Boats & Harbors Show,
Rockland, ME *

Aug 19-20 Lake Champlain Maritime Festival,
Burlington, VT *

Aug 19-20 Boston Antique & Classic,
Salem MA

* on-water demos



POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

XXIV-10

PRSR STD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMT #148

messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906